

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,000



JANUARY 26, 1889

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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PRICE NINEPENCE



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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,000.—VOL. XXXIX.  
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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1889

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE  
[By Post Ninepence Halfpenny]



THE STEAMERS "STANLEY" AND "A. I. A." (ASSOCIATION INTERNATIONALE AFRICAINE) LYING IN THE ARUWHIMI, ABOUT A MILE BELOW THE YAMBUYA CAMP  
MR. H. M. STANLEY'S MISSION TO EMIN PASHA  
FROM A SKETCH BY A MEMBER OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION



"THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND"  
SACRED TABLEAUX AT THE CROYDON PUBLIC HALL

"Heathen England: a Druidical appeal to the God Woden, the sacrifice of a boy, and the desire expressed by Queen Bertha for some one to be sent 'to make these people Christians'"



## Topics of the Week

**THE FIRST LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.**—Before the election of the London County Council, all who had a right to speak with authority on the matter urged voters to support the best candidates, irrespective of their opinions about party politics. How far this was done it is difficult to say, for the vast majority of the successful candidates are unknown to the community generally. About two-thirds of the members are Radicals, but it certainly does not follow that the best men before the various divisions were not chosen. The Radical candidates may have been recognised not only by Radicals but by some Conservatives as persons eminently suited for the duties they undertook to discharge. The election of Aldermen is the first piece of work the Council will have to accomplish, and it will at once lose public confidence if it does not show that it is animated only by a desire to select the wisest men whose services can be secured. As for its later work, it is premature to assume, as some are doing, that it will act rashly and wildly. Many of the members hold extreme opinions about such subjects as the taxation of ground-rents, the regulation of the police, and the proper way of disposing of the wealth of the City Companies. But these matters have nothing whatever to do with the functions of the Council. Any member who may propose that action should be taken in regard to them might as well suggest that the Council should annex China or bombard the moon. The powers of the Council are strictly limited, and beyond these it will be unable to move. No doubt its authority is considerable, but, until evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, we are bound to assume that its members, for their own sakes as well as for the sake of the public, will endeavour to act not only with vigour but with discretion. An ill service is done to the community by those who are crying out that Londoners have before them an era of extravagance, confiscation, and jobbery. The way to get good work from the Council is to show that good work is expected.

**GENERAL BOULANGER'S CHANCES.**—It is especially foolish to prophesy about events which will be decided in a day or two, and therefore we will abstain from all vaticinations. But it seems to be generally admitted that, should the gallant General win the Seine Election, something equivalent to a revolution will have been accomplished, and that there will be a complete displacement of the present condition of affairs. The mere anticipation of such a contingency shows how feverishly the pulse of France beats just now. In these islands, fierce as our political contentions seem, it is difficult to imagine anything of a parallel character. The return of Mr. Gladstone for a constituency hitherto the most Unionist in England would no doubt be a noteworthy event, but then its effects would have been discounted beforehand, for the change would have been felt in other constituencies also, and the result would simply be a new Ministry. Whereas in France, everything, the very form of Government even, is staked on the issue of a single Election. This seems to show that, although supposed to have lost her ancient preponderance, Paris still remains the political Queen of France. But even if General Boulanger should lose the Seine Election, he will be by no means extinguished as a political force. He seems a difficult person to extinguish. He survived both the D'Aumale letter and the Floquet duel. It is said that ridicule in France is deadly to political pretensions. History scarcely bears out this view. Louis Napoleon lived down the Strasbourg attempt, and even the Boulogne eagle *fiasco*. It is true he had his uncle's name to conjure with. But on the other hand General Boulanger has a far better previous record to show. Up to 1849 the future Emperor was simply "the nephew of my uncle," whereas General Boulanger, long before he attained his present prominence, had done excellent service both as a soldier and an administrator.

**THE EMIGRATION QUESTION.**—Of all our Job's comforters, surely Lord Derby is *facile princeps*. No sooner has society proved to its own satisfaction that salvation in some particular department of the national life can only be secured in a certain way, than his chilly logic nips the pleasant theory, and brings back the winter of our discontent. He has just performed this useful but unsympathetic office by showing where the pinch of emigration comes in. Sparsely-populated countries are still willing enough to take our best bone and sinew, but they are becoming more and more fastidious, until the time seems not remote when the British workman will have to pass a stringent physical examination before landing in Canada or Australia. No complaint can be made against the colonies on that ground; they have a perfect right to adopt whatever means they fancy to secure the elements of a strong, healthy, energetic population. All the same, it is hard on the old country to have these outlets for her redundant population made narrower by artificial restrictions. What is to be done with the annual addition of four hundred thousand units to the inhabitants of these teeming isles? They must go somewhere; let industrial employment increase as it may,—the prospect is not too hopeful in view of foreign competition,—no process of

absorption would be equal to providing for such an enormous growth. The dilemma is serious—so serious as to deserve the immediate attention of the Legislature. To leave the matter to the laws of supply and demand will not serve much longer. There are still countries—Brazil and Argentine, to wit—where British emigrants are heartily welcome, and, if our colonies refuse to take them, they must e'en turn their faces in that direction, as the Irish have been lately doing with very good results.

**GERMAN TROUBLES.**—From the conclusion of the Peace of Frankfort until the death of William I. the German Empire had no very important difficulties to contend with. The Liberals occasionally vexed the soul of Prince Bismarck; the Socialists surprised him by securing an unexpected number of seats in the Reichstag; and for some years he had to carry on a rather bitter struggle with the Roman Church. But these things did not diminish the respect of foreign nations for Germany, nor did any one suppose that they were likely to be followed by serious consequences. Now, however, the Fatherland seems to be constantly involved in some kind of disagreeable trouble. In East Africa German officials have raised a storm which will probably not be finally allayed without a great expenditure of blood and treasure; and in Samoa Germans have acted so indiscreetly that they have contrived to evoke vigorous protests even from the peaceful United States. At home the Geffcken affair has excited much vehement passion, and the attention of all the world was attracted by the monstrous attack on the character of Sir Robert Morier—an attack of which, it seems, we have not even yet heard the last. How are we to account for all these unpleasant events, which have done so much to lower Germany in the esteem of her neighbours? Partly, no doubt, they are the result of a long period of uninterrupted success. Prince Bismarck has been so elated by his triumphs that he cannot now endure the faintest shadow of opposition, and subordinate officials—not unnaturally, perhaps—have caught something of his overbearing temper. As long as the old Emperor lived, even the Chancellor, and still more those who held less exalted positions, were to some extent held in restraint; but since his death there has practically been no check on the domineering tendencies of persons in authority. One good result has sprung from recent troubles. They have given German Liberals a chance of showing that the intelligence of the nation is anything but favourable to a blustering policy. The Liberals have played their part manfully during the last few months, and we are justified in hoping that when Prince Bismarck has been succeeded by some less powerful statesman they will be able to take in the management of public affairs a far more important place than has hitherto been conceded to them.

**MR. MORLEY AT SHEFFIELD.**—In accordance with the presumed exigencies of platform oratory Mr. Morley has gradually abandoned the calm philosophical style by which he was formerly distinguished, and has adopted a method rather resembling that of Sir William Harcourt. He makes plentiful use of adjectives, while he is correspondingly sparing in genuine argument. But, after all, it is needless to complain of the manner of his harangue, which is calculated to "tickle the ears of the groundlings," that being the main object of these ante-Parliamentary utterances. It is quite natural that Mr. Morley should "chortle" over the Govan election, although the Gladstonian victory possesses little political significance, because the successful candidate, Mr. Wilson, had very much the same claims on the electors' confidence as belonged to his predecessor, Sir William Pearce. The result of the London County Council elections is another matter. There Radicalism showed a distinct revival, although it may be premature to assert that this sentiment will be maintained when the next Parliamentary elections take place. Concerning the question of National Defence, Mr. Morley spoke moderately, and indeed patriotically. When we look at the gigantic sum, nearly fifty-nine millions sterling, absorbed by the Supply Services, we feel that Parliament ought to scrutinise the items of this expenditure very carefully, before sanctioning any additional outlay in obedience to the demands of the military and naval alarmists. Concerning the recent sentence on Mr. Edward Harrington, Mr. Morley spoke with considerable warmth. Every right-thinking person must regret that men of respectable private character should render themselves liable to such penalties, and we maintain, as we have always maintained, that the Government would have acted more wisely if they had made the punishments for such offences distinct from those inflicted on ordinary criminals. It is quite true, as Mr. Morley and his friends ought to know, that Mr. Harrington's breach of the law is really of a very mischievous character; nevertheless, the general consent of mankind will never place such persons in the same category as larcenists and pick-pockets. The present system only tends to infuriate the malcontents, while it confers on the persons punished the honours of a cheap martyrdom.

**THE ARMY RESERVE.**—Perhaps in consequence of the new mobilisation scheme being published, the men of the Army Reserve are in a flutter of excitement and consternation. They have heard a rumour that it is intended to call

them out every year for a course of training, after the manner of the Militia. It is difficult to believe that the military authorities contemplate such a harsh proceeding. The Reservists have quite enough trouble already in obtaining work, owing to the dislike of many employers to engage men who may be taken away by the State. Under present conditions, however, that is of very rare occurrence, and a large number of Reserve men consequently manage to pick up a decent living. But were it the established practice to call them out annually, or even biennially, they would have to pass the rest of their time in the workhouse. If the military authorities consider it essential that these veterans should be periodically drilled, in order to keep abreast with changes in drill and arms, an easy way out of the difficulty presents itself. Let their retaining fee of fourpence a day be doubled, or trebled, so as to ensure them, at all events, against starvation during the intervals between the annual trainings. That would involve, no doubt, a considerable addition to the estimates, but the money would be well spent in two ways. It would give the country a splendid body of troops, always ready to take the field in a thoroughly efficient manner, and it would be a great help to recruiting. Numbers of likely young men are now deterred from joining by the belief that, after they pass into the Reserve, they will have very little chance of making enough to keep body and soul together.

**MR. NAOROJI.**—Now that due honour has been done to Mr. Naoroji at the National Liberal Club, it may be hoped that we shall hear no more about the "Black Man" speech. No one, probably, regrets the use of this unfortunate expression more than Lord Salisbury himself; and we may be sure that a slip of a like kind will not soon be made either by him or by any other prominent Englishman. The speakers at the banquet on Monday seem to have displayed much self-restraint and good taste in their references to the matter. They apparently felt that rather more had been made of the incident than was quite necessary. "All's well that ends well," and the commotion caused by the Prime Minister's blunder ended particularly well, since it provides a large number of Liberals with an opportunity of giving emphatic expression to their good-will for Mr. Naoroji himself, and for the people of India generally. Mr. Naoroji is a man of great ability, and there can be little doubt that it would be of advantage, both to his native country and to England, if he had a seat in Parliament. It is a mistake to suppose that Englishmen dislike the idea of a generous system of rule being developed in India. But they are not well instructed on the subject, and feel that it would be unsafe to form a very decided opinion about it until they have acquired wider and deeper knowledge. What is wanted is that men like Mr. Naoroji, who know both India and England, shall have opportunities of stating fully and temperately the claims of their fellow-subjects. Mr. Naoroji has already done good work in this direction, and his influence ought henceforth to be considerably extended.

**A TAX ON AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS.**—It seems rather hard on stupid old Free Trading England that the Americans should be getting so fanatically Protective at a time when shoals of fascinating Yankee girls come over to capture in marriage all our most eligible sprigs of nobility, and when the enterprising Mr. James Gordon Bennett is about to start in London (Sundays and week-days alike!) a daily edition of the *New York Herald*. Nevertheless, there is much to be said in favour of the restrictions on immigration recommended by a Committee of the House of Representatives. For a long time the United States derived the bulk of their immigrants from the British Islands. Then a German exodus began, and by degrees all the emigrating countries of the Continent followed suit, till at the present time, as a glance at the shipping returns will show, the foreign-speakers far outnumber the English-speakers. To many of these voyagers no exception can be made; the Germans and Scandinavians, as a body, make excellent colonists; but some of the arrivals from Southern and Eastern Europe are less favourably regarded by the Reporting Committee. In fact, of some of them the character is summed up almost in the words of the midshipman's terse statement concerning certain savages: "Manners, none; customs, beastly." Then, besides these undesirable visitors, there are idiots, criminals, Anarchists, polygamists, contract-labourers, and other objectionable persons to be guarded against. The Committee therefore advise that an intending emigrant must first get a certificate from an American Consul in his own (the emigrant's) country, must pay a poll-tax of five dollars on landing, and must even then run the risk of being sent back by the Emigration authorities at the port of arrival. It will be noted that in the foregoing black-list are included contract-labourers—that is, persons who come over under an obligation to work for certain capitalists, at a rate of wages agreed on beforehand. The American working-man feels, like Bill Nye, that he is ruined by this foreign labour, and therefore with him this is the most popular item of the entire report.

**SYNDICATE MONOPOLIES.**—England is indebted to America for so many valuable inventions, that it may seem ungracious in John Bull to scowl at the introduction of the Yankee system of fighting the consumer by means of com-



binations of producers. That is the essence of the methods called "corners," "rings," or what not. A number of capitalists put their shrewd heads together, and decide that a certain commodity may be manipulated to the profit of the producer without sensibly diminishing consumption. Having arranged for the necessary sinews of war, they quietly set about buying such a large interest in the particular industry as will not only give them control of the market, but yield them very handsome profits should the speculation succeed. All this being in readiness, the levers are worked to produce artificial scarcity, the market responds by setting a higher value on the article, and unless the supply largely exceeds expectations, good business is done at the public expense. In the United States this system controls most of the leading industries, but on this side of the Atlantic it is of quite recent growth. The copper and salt "rings" are the two most conspicuous instances, and the ultimate success of these combinations seems so doubtful that would-be imitators are inclined to pause. No doubt they have one good feature, in operating as a check on over-production and underselling. But there is no getting away from the fact that their fundamental principle is to mulct the many for the benefit of the few, while it is equally incontestable that they narrow the area of employment for the working classes. On balance, their demerits are so immeasurably greater than their merits that few people in this country would feel sorry if the copper and salt monopolies collapsed.

**NOVEL-READERS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.**—In theory, the British Museum Reading Room is intended exclusively for the use of persons engaged in serious study. In reality, it is occupied every day by a very much larger class. A great many men and women who have nothing particular to do, and whose homes are not perhaps very comfortable, find it pleasant to go early to the Reading Room, secure good seats, and spend the day in the enjoyment of such books as they may choose to ask for or to take from the shelves at their disposal. The consequence is that genuine students, whose time is valuable, often go there and find that there is no place available. If they succeed in finding a place, they are frequently annoyed by the idlers wandering about or talking to one another in whispers. Mr. Maunde Thompson is to be congratulated on the attempt he has made to deal with this growing evil. He has issued an order to the effect that in future novels which have first been published within the preceding five years shall not be given to readers unless some special reason, satisfactory to the superintendent, be stated by those requiring them; and already it has been decided that "Robert Elsmere" cannot be lent in order that a sermon may be written about it; and that no one can be allowed to have a French novel for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of modern colloquial French. By interpreting the rule in this strict manner the Principal Librarian may succeed in getting rid of some unsuitable visitors; but other and more severe measures will also have to be adopted. Every one wishing to use the Reading Room should be required to prove that his or her objects are of the kind for the promotion of which the institution was created.

**LINKS WITH THE PAST.**—The *Standard* has lately had a very interesting series of letters on this subject, which must always exercise a considerable fascination on most persons. The Past which we ourselves can remember is comparatively prosaic, but the Past which occurred before we were born when we ourselves were non-existent, possesses a peculiar charm. To a man of seventy, fifty years ago seems only like a rather far-back yesterday; whereas, to a boy of fifteen twenty years ago is in the Dark Ages. It was before his time, and that suffices to place it on a par with the era of the Conquest, or, for the matter of that, of the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt. It is on this account that intelligent children are so pleased to hear from the lips of their parents, uncles, and aunts, incidents of the youthful days of those relatives; because it seems to endow with reality that which to the young persons has been hitherto a dream-epoch. As for the reminiscences elicited by the recent correspondence, they can scarcely be said to be of much practical value. The whole matter simply amounts to this, that, given a series of lives extending far beyond the usual span, a chain of comparatively few persons, say from sixty to seventy, carries us back from the present day to the date usually assigned for the location of our first parents in the Garden of Eden. Now if each of these centenarians had instinctively singled out some boy or girl who was destined to be the centenarian of the next period, and had imparted to him or her all he could recollect of his own career, these three-score old ladies and gentlemen would have collectively contributed a very valuable body of tradition. But in real life this rarely or never happens. Our own experience of aged people (which from youth onwards has been tolerably extensive) is that they are generally far more engrossed in the present than in the past, and that those early events of their life which have become impressed on their memory are mostly trivial. As an example of the former, we remember more than forty years ago going to dine with a very intelligent old gentleman of eighty-six. We hoped he would talk of the American Revolutionary War, instead of which he discoursed on Dickens' new novel, of which he had just been reading the last monthly instalment. As for the latter, let

any one look back on his own youth, and note how much more impression has been left by the petty personal incidents than by the historical events.

**THE QUEEN ON SOCIAL INFLUENCES.**—The five thousand Whitechapel working women who lately memorialised the Queen to suppress disorderly houses have received an answer which others than they might take to heart. They are virtually told that the State has very limited power in the domain of morals: neither Parliament nor those it represents could be got nowadays to set on foot a Puritan legislative crusade. If a disorderly house becomes a public nuisance, it can be effectually dealt with by the police; but, even supposing that the whole of these dens were extinguished, the only result would be to bring additional custom to common lodging houses. The Queen, in her common-sense way, indicates the true source of the evil which afflicts the virtuous matrons of Whitechapel. It is that they do not put their own shoulders to the wheel as moral agents. Very probably there are thousands of other East End women who detest the polluting surroundings amid which necessity compels them to live. But the evidence in the recent murder cases showed that many of them, while hating the sin, thought it no harm to be on familiar terms with the sinner. Nor would it be if they used their personal influence to bring back these degraded sisters to honest lives. That is what the Queen longs to see—the conversion of every respectable woman at the East End into an independent missionary of morality, working quietly in her own sphere to create a force of public opinion against vice and its followers. It may be a dream, but even to dream such dreams is far better than to ignore the stern waking realities of East End life.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY, XXVIII. —THE RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.," drawn from life by Lance Calkin.

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**FOR ANNOUNCEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY**  
see page 91.

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## THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION—A SKETCH ON THE ARUWHIMI

AFTER Mr. H. M. Stanley's departure from the camp on the Aruwhimi, in June, 1887, nearly a year elapsed before the Emin Pasha Expedition was again heard of. The first news was brought down to Bangala Station on the Upper Congo, by Mr. Herbert Ward, who came down in a canoe, and continued his journey by steamer. The chief of Bangala Station, took back the men who had brought him down in the steam-launch A. I. A., together with a store of provisions to Major Barttelot. After having been some weeks in the Aruwhimi, the A. I. A. was joined by the stern-wheeler Stanley, which had come up the river with two or three Belgian officers and a company of Houssas to garrison Stanley Falls Station. Owing to the rapids, it was not safe to take the steamers right up to the camp, and they were accordingly made fast to the bank about a mile lower down, the light-draught whale-boats being used to convey men and stores between the camp and the steamers.

The sketch shows the two steamers lying at their moorings on the afternoon of the day before their departure for Stanley Falls. The bank at this spot is about forty or fifty feet high, and is covered with jungle. At the top, where the palm-trees stand, there had formerly been a village—part of the large town of Yambuya; but the natives had deserted it on the arrival of Stanley with the Emin Relief Expedition, and had never returned. The whole site is now overgrown with grass from ten to twelve feet high. Three or four days after this sketch was taken Major Barttelot set out on his ill-fated march to Wadelai, in the course of which he met his death.

## "THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND"

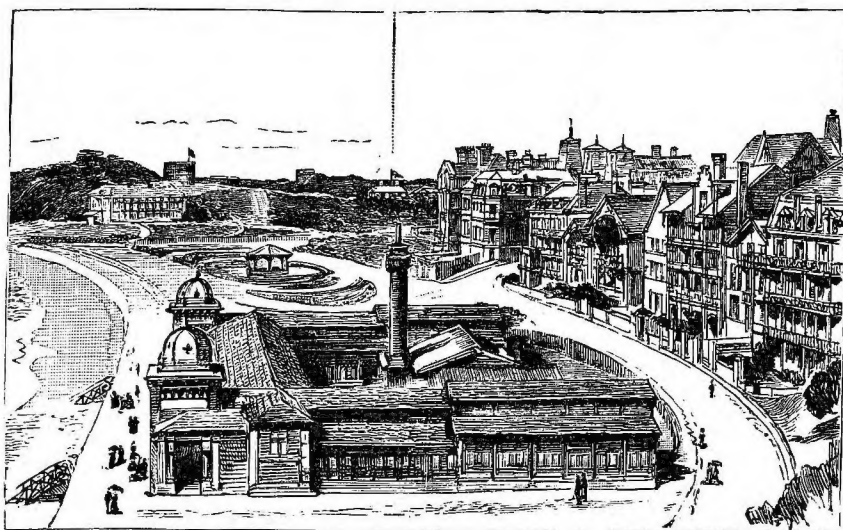
ALTHOUGH the author of this production, the Rev. Henry Cresswell, calls it "an original historical drama," it is rather a series of ten elaborate tableaux, illustrated with dialogue, and interspersed with hymns, chants, and passionate religious pleadings. The piece represents the arrival of Augustine the Monk in England, and the conversion to Christianity of Ethelbert, King of Kent. The first scene represents St. Gregory's determination to Christianise England after seeing the pretty English slave children who were exposed for sale in the market at Rome. The second scene (from which our illustration is taken) depicts Heathen England, and includes a Druidical appeal to the god Woden, the sacrifice of a boy, and the desire expressed by Queen Bertha for some one to be sent "to make these people Christians." Subsequent scenes show the adventures undergone by the missionaries, the meeting of Augustine and Ethelbert, the consecration, and the death of Augustine. The play, which had already been performed at Vauxhall, Bantstead, Clapham, Balham, and at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, was produced for the sixteenth time at the Public Hall, Croydon, on Saturday evening last. The characters were undertaken by some forty ordained clergymen and lay communicants deeply interested in Church work. Applause and hissing were equally deprecated, and between each of the scenes hymns were sung by a surpliced choir in front of the stage. The dresses were made by friends, copied with the utmost accuracy from old MSS.; the scenery was beautifully painted by Miss Herbert from photographs taken on the sites represented; and the entire spectacle was performed, not merely with undoubted sincerity and reverence, but in a few instances with suggestions of dramatic power. The receipts of these performances are divided between the charities of the parish in which the display takes place, and those of St. Peter's, Vauxhall.

## THE QUEEN'S FORTHCOMING VISIT TO BIARRITZ

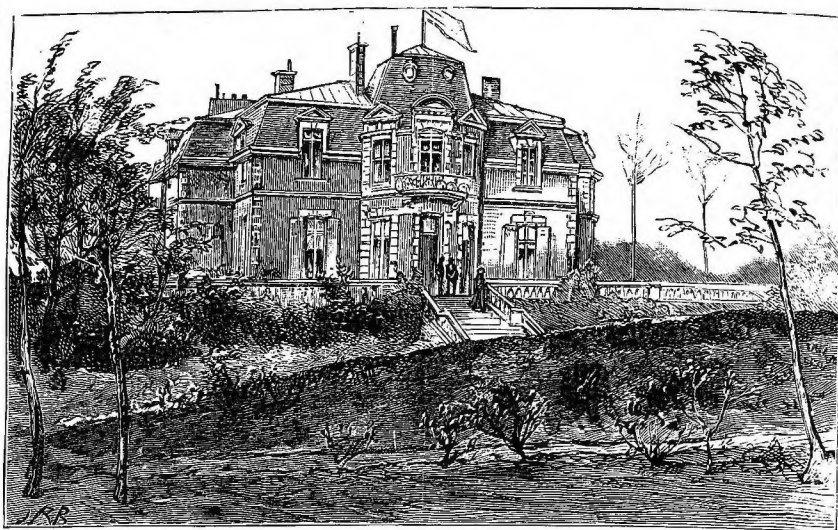
The Queen's Continental visit this spring will be to Biarritz, where she is expected to arrive early in March. Her Majesty will reside at the Pavillon La Rochefoucauld—owned by Count Gaston de la Rochefoucauld—the Villa Evers being also taken for part of the suite. The Pavillon is near the Lighthouse, and is one of the finest buildings in Biarritz, being situated in an immense park. Besides the Pavillon itself, there is a smaller house, the Chalet. The principal gate of the former is approached by a fine flight of steps, and in front is a spacious terrace, with delightful views over the sea and Biarritz, whose white houses rise tier after tier on the cliffs as far as St. Jean de Luz, and in other directions to the mouth of the Adour, and even as far as the distant chain of the Pyrenees. Two small towers flank the Pavillon. The authorities at Biarritz are sparing no pains to make Her Majesty comfortable. The roads leading to the Pavillon are being put into good order, and telegraphic and telephonic wires are being laid down between the house and the post office, so as to ensure immediate communication with England. The French Government also will send a special cavalry guard of honour to Biarritz, and the Municipality are organising a grand series of fêtes during Her Majesty's stay. It is stated that the Queen may possibly take the opportunity to meet the Queen Regent Christina of Spain on the frontier. Biarritz, which before 1855 was a comparatively secluded watering-place, was first made a fashionable resort by the Emperor Napoleon III., and for fourteen years was the chief seaside resort of the Court and Fashion of the Second Empire. The situation is eminently picturesque, the climate healthy, especially in winter and early spring, and the bathing in the sheltered bays is particularly good. The Count and Countess Gaston are not unknown to Her Majesty, who sixteen years ago resided in their villa at Baden Baden during a visit there. The Count was First Secretary at Washington, in 1870. The Countess is by birth an Englishwoman.—Our engraving of the Pavillon is from a photograph by M. Frois, Biarritz.



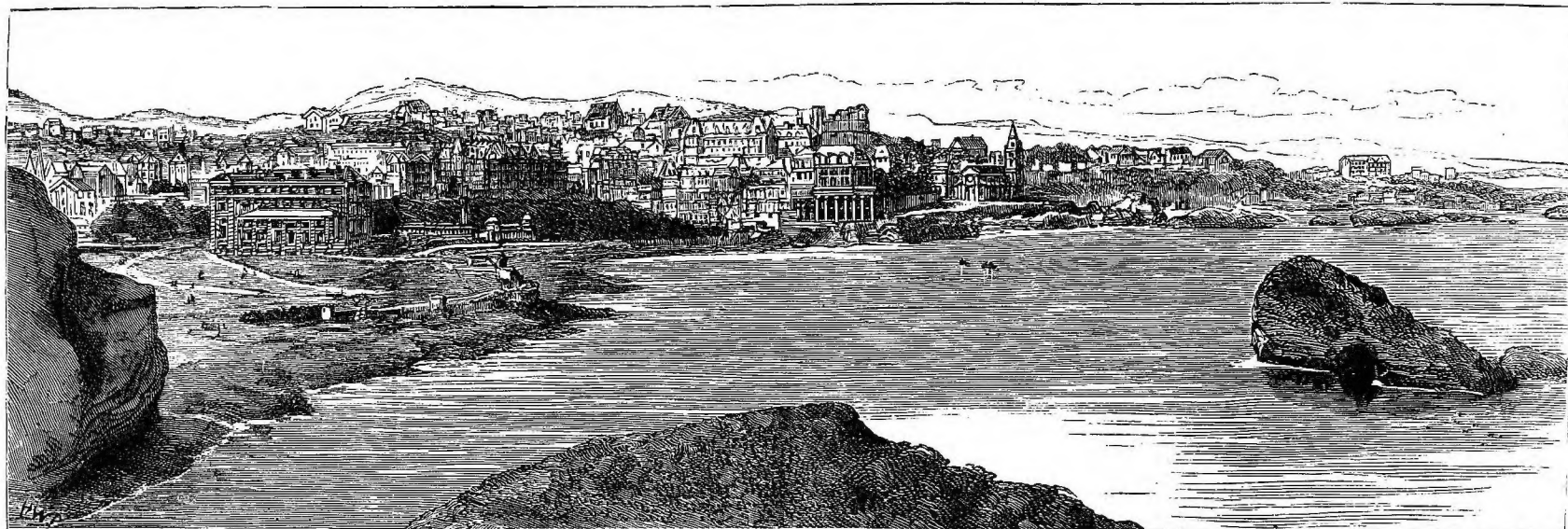
The Pavillon La Rochefoucauld



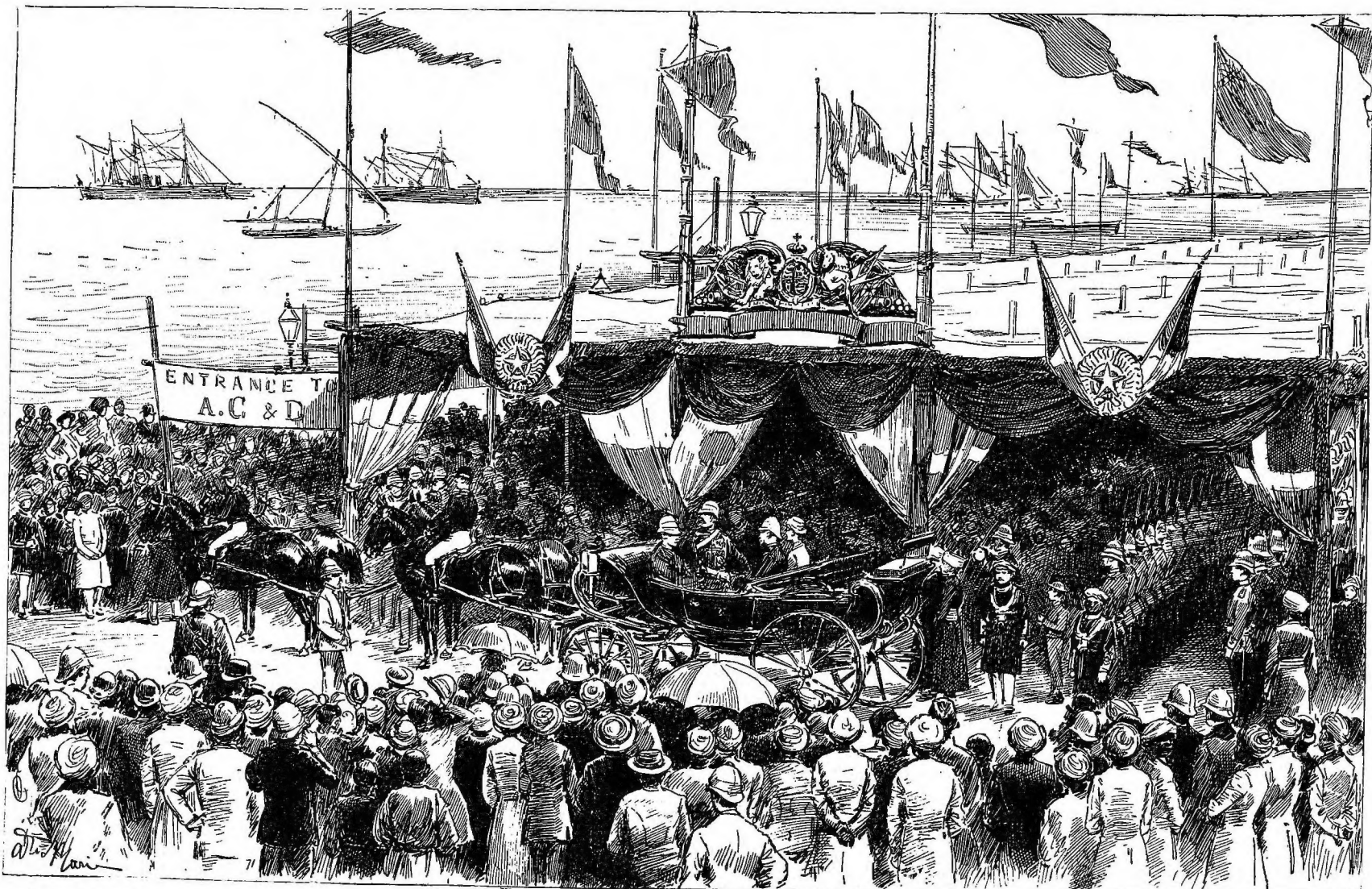
A TERRACE OF VILLAS FACING THE SEA



THE PAVILLON LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, WHERE HER MAJESTY WILL RESIDE



GENERAL VIEW OF BIARRITZ  
THE PROPOSED VISIT OF THE QUEEN TO BIARRITZ



THE RECEPTION OF LORD LANSDOWNE (THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA) AND LADY LANSDOWNE AT THE AFOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY



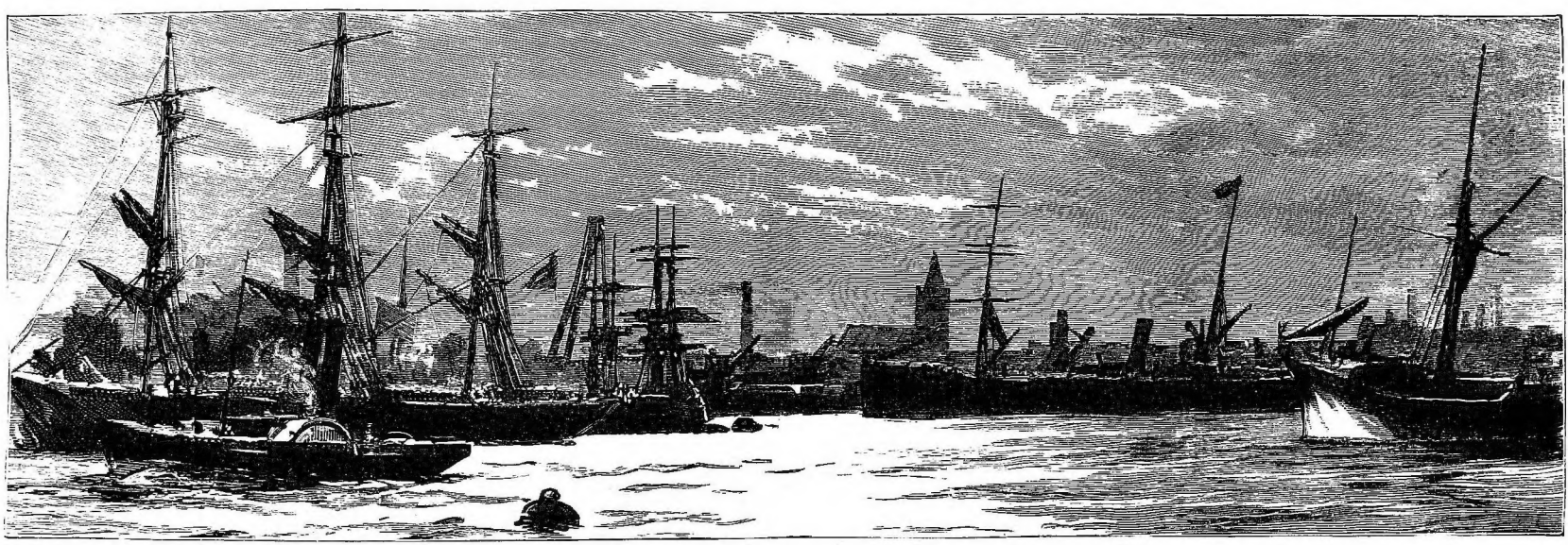


ARCHDUCHESS MARIE VALERIE  
Youngest Daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria



ARCHDUKE FRANZ SALVATOR OF TUSCANY  
Nephew of Ferdinand IV., Ex-Duke of Tuscany

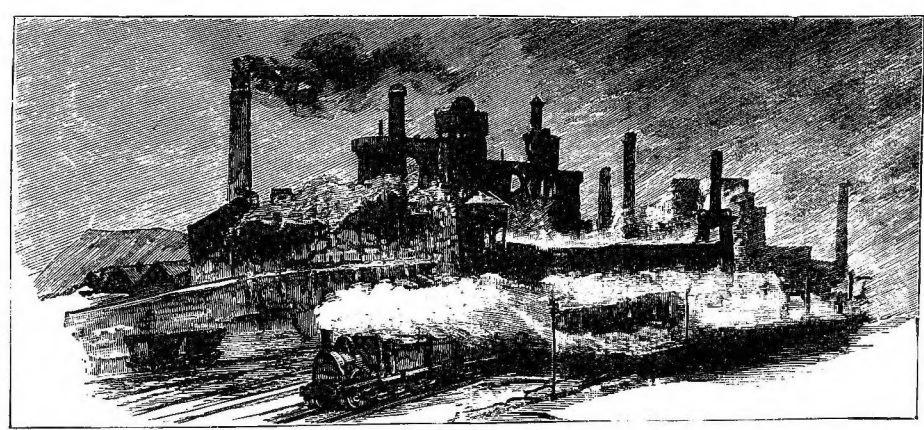
THE IMPERIAL BETROTHAL IN AUSTRIA



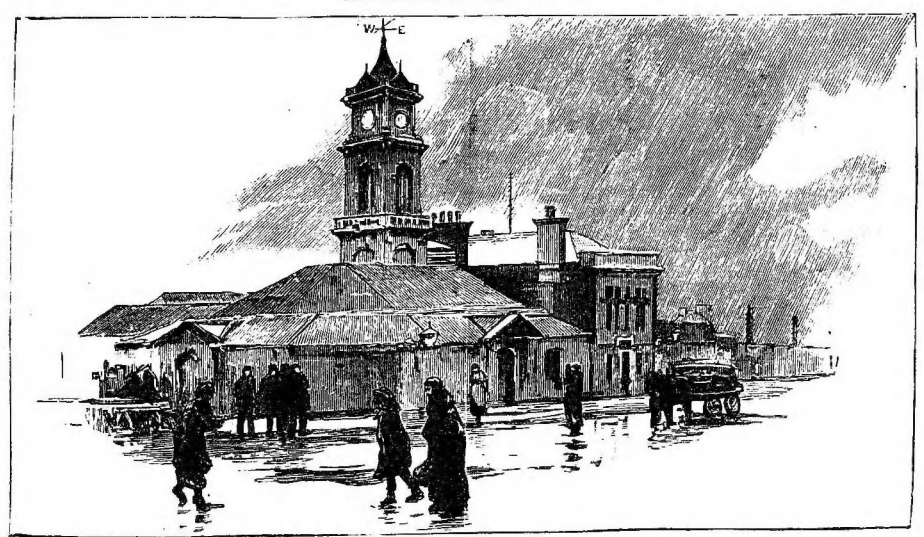
THE DOCKS



NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, OPENED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, JANUARY 23



THE NEWPORT IRON WORKS



THE OLD TOWN HALL

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO MIDDLESBROUGH



### LORD LANSLOWNE'S ARRIVAL AT BOMBAY

LORD AND LADY LANSLOWNE arrived at Bombay on Monday, December 3rd, in the P. and O. steamer *Sutlej*. They were received with all due ceremony, the Municipal authorities presenting the inevitable address of welcome. In reply the Marquis contrasted Canada with India—the former for the most part being only recently settled, while in India an ancient and historical civilisation prevailed. He had left a country, he continued, where self-governing institutions were fully developed, for one where they were being tried with cautious and tentative steps in regard to purely local affairs. He referred especially in his speech to the defences of Bombay, and stated that he entirely recognised that the first duties of the Government were to render the Queen's possessions in that quarter of the globe so secure as to give the utmost scope for the progress of all peaceful pursuits.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. Bourne and Shepherd, India.

### THE IMPERIAL BETROTHAL IN AUSTRIA

THE Archduchess Marie Valerie, who has been betrothed to the Archduke Franz Salvator, of Tuscany, is the youngest daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and was born on April 22nd, 1868, at Ofen. The Archduchess is an especial favourite of her mother, has developed considerable literary taste and ability, and is a poetess of no mean order. She recently composed the verses to be inscribed upon a memorial to her favourite poet Scheffel, which has been erected on the shores of Lake Wolfgang. The Archduke Franz is the son of the Archduke Carl Salvator (brother to Ferdinand IV., of Tuscany, whose dominion was annexed in 1860 by Victor Emmanuel) and of the Archduchess Marie-Immaculée-Clementine, daughter of Ferdinand II., King of the Two Sicilies. The bridegroom was born on August 21, 1866, and is a Lieutenant in the 12th Regiment of the Austrian Dragoons. His sister, the Archduchess Theresa, is married to the Archduke Charles Etienne of Austria, a brother of the Queen-Regent of Spain. His eldest brother, the Archduke Leopold, is betrothed to Princess Blanca, of Castile, eldest daughter of Don Carlos.—Our portraits are from photographs, that of the Archduchess Valerie by Koller Károly, Buda Pest, that of the Archduke by Adèle, Vienna.

### MIDDLESBROUGH, PAST AND PRESENT

MIDDLESBROUGH practically owes its existence to the invention of the locomotive. George Stephenson's locomotive made it possible to reach Middlesbrough from the South Durham coal-field at a comparatively small cost; and, as coal-owners were dissatisfied with Stockton, where the Tees was so shallow that only small vessels could approach the town, six Quaker gentlemen, two of whom were members of the Pease family, purchased, in 1829, 500 acres of land from Mr. W. Chilton, a farmer at Middlesbrough, for less than 20s. an acre. At that time the population consisted of twenty-five persons; in fact, the only building of importance was a solitary farmhouse, built out of the ruins of the Priory of St. Hilda. But, although founded as a coal-exporting port, Middlesbrough owes its subsequent rapid expansion to the iron manufacture, which obtains its supplies from the ore abounding in the adjacent Cleveland Hills. With this enterprise the name of Bolckow is indissolubly associated. Some of the works are very extensive, and employ as many as 7,000 men. There are also ship-yards, saw-mills, rope-yards, tanneries, breweries, &c. Middlesbrough now has a population of about 60,000. The present Mayor of Middlesbrough, Mr. Raylton Dixon, is the chief of a great ship-building firm. The Corporation has lately decided to treat itself to a new Town Hall, which was opened by the Prince of Wales on January 23rd. It was designed by Mr. George Gordon Hoskins, of Darlington; the foundation-stone was laid five years ago, and it will cost about 120,000l. The style is thirteenth-century Gothic, and the handsome tower rises to the height of 170 feet. The Great Hall is 118 feet long by 60 broad, and is capable of accommodating 3,500 persons. The semi-basement underneath is to be used for the drilling of the police in wet weather. But perhaps the most noteworthy feature of Mr. Hoskins's design is the admirable classification and concentration of the various departments. The Town Hall occupies one portion of the ground, and the Public Offices the other portion. A covered carriage-way divides them, but this is so cleverly masked at the east and west ends by handsomely-moulded archways and gables as to give the Hall on the one side, and the Offices on the other, the appearance of a single block of buildings. By way of contrast, we engrave a view of the old Town Hall.

### THE RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSE

NEW YEAR'S DAY was ushered in with an eclipse of the sun, which was total over a large part of the Pacific Ocean, and over the western half of North America. The astronomers of the United States were on the alert, and numerous observing parties were stationed at various places, from Point Arena, where the central line of totality touched land, to about a hundred miles east of Lake Winnipeg. One of the Expeditions was organised by Professor Pickering, of Harvard College. His party was stationed at Willows, California, and consisted of four observers from Harvard, and twenty-nine local assistants. Fourteen telescopes and cameras were employed, and eight spectroscopes, besides miscellaneous apparatus. The sun was perfectly clear during the total phase of the eclipse, and over fifty photographs were secured. Twenty-five of these were taken in order to measure the brightness of the corona, which was exceptionally fine, and exhibited great detail in its filaments. It extended outwards from the sun for two of its diameters—that is, two million miles in both directions. The duration of totality was 118 seconds. No observers reported the discovery of any intra-Mercurial planet.

### TO THE TRANSVAAL GOLD FIELDS, VIA NATAL—II

THE Natal Railway system, which comprises short lines to accommodate the coast sugar industries, has its main line reaching from Port Natal to Ladysmith (191 miles), and will shortly be completed to Coldstream, on the Transvaal border (113 miles further). There are two through passenger trains daily from Durban to Ladysmith. After leaving Natal the line passes through very pretty park-like country, where many merchants have suburban residences. Seventy-one miles from Durban the line climbs the "Town Hill," rising fifteen hundred feet in eleven miles, and then passes through a picturesque country *via* Estcourt and Colenso. One of our sketches depicts the scene where the railway for a considerable distance skirts the Tugela River, winding in and out of the mountains. The gradients here are in some places exceedingly steep.

Mishaps in coast travelling are very frequent, as the bad roads cause the vehicles to get out of order. Should a total breakdown take place, there is nothing to be done except wait for a fresh coach. Walking is no joke, as the stations are usually fourteen miles apart.

Let us now turn to some sea sketches. People who are inclined to flirt on board ship get, after dark, into dimly-lighted nooks and corners. But the Union Company's vessels are fitted up with the electric light, and, on a recent occasion, one of the officers having (accidentally) lost something, required a search light to find it, and (accidentally again) the said light was thrown with full force on to a loving couple.

Ladies who suffer from sea-sickness are wont obstinately to remain below to the injury of their health. The doctor, however, got one of his fair patients on deck by stratagem. He caused the fire-bell to be rung, and the sufferer at once found the use of her legs.

When the ocean steamer is in a hurry to leave Durban, people who have come on the tug to say good-bye to friends in the roadstead are not allowed to come on board. This is unfortunate, and, moreover, the said friends are often very hungry, and are tantalised by the knowledge that luncheon is just going on on board the steamer. Then kind Captain Wait gallantly comes to the rescue. He has a basket filled with a good supply of biscuits, glasses, and a bottle of champagne. He tells them they can have this, provided they catch the rope. This they accomplish after several misses, and haul down the much-desired refreshments.—Our engravings are from sketches by our Cape correspondent, Mr. Dennis Edwards.

### THE PARNELL COMMISSION

THE most interesting, and probably the most important, witness who appeared last week before the Commission was Patrick Delaney, a convict from Maryborough Prison, who had been sentenced to penal servitude for life (he was originally condemned to be hanged) for his share in the Phoenix Park murders. He was a short, thickset man, evidently of considerable intelligence, and came up in custody, though not in prison dress. His evidence went to show that in the early year of the present decade he was an invincible, and was intimately connected with the leaders of the dynamite party. He also incriminated certain well-known men, many of whom are now, or were then, members of Parliament. Several letters were handed to this witness, and were identified by him as having been written by Patrick Egan, or as bearing his



JOHN EDWARD BARRETT

A Cork Farmer and Landlord, threatened and burnt in effigy for advising tenants to resist the tyranny of the League.

signature. A photograph of a man wearing *pince-nez* having been handed to him, he recognised it as the portrait of "Number One," usually supposed to be Patrick Tynan. The name written at the bottom of the photograph was, however, covered up, when shown to the witness, and was not disclosed in Court. Delaney was severely cross-examined by Mr. Davitt. During his examination, the name of Mr. Matthew Harris, M.P., several times cropped up, and on the Thursday Sir R. Webster read a correspondence between that gentleman and Mr. Davitt, referring to the progress of the land agitation in Ireland. Mr. George Hewson is a land agent, who gave evidence of the difficulty he experienced in getting rents paid since the agitation began; Mr. Dominick O'Donnell testified that after the establishment of the League, having been previously on good terms with every one, he was threatened and twice shot at;



PATRICK J. FARRAGHER

Captain Plunkett, who has been a resident Irish magistrate for twenty-two years, gave evidence as to the general condition of the district in which he lived. Two of the witnesses examined on the Friday, and whose portraits are here given, were Mr. Robert Powell, a Westport land agent, who gave evidence concerning the rental of Lord Sligo's Mayo estates; and Mr. J. E. Barrett, landlord, agent, and farmer, in West Cork, who was denounced, threatened, and burnt in effigy because he advised tenants to resist the tyranny of the League. On Tuesday, January 22nd, Patrick J. Farragher was examined. He was a farmer, who had been advised by the League to stand out for a reduction of rent, was evicted, and was afterwards rewarded by a clerkship in the Land League office at Dublin.—The portrait of "Number One" is from a photograph by Hemery, Peckham.

### NOTES IN THE NYASSA REGION, III.

OUR illustrations this week are from photographs by the British Consul for the Nyassa Region, Mr. Albert Hawes (through the courtesy of Mr. Milford Hallett), and several relate to the mode which the missionaries adopt for teaching the natives some of the chief duties of

a civilised household—such as the European methods of making bread, or the various mysteries of a British laundry—those of a patent washing machine being apparently included. The Consulate is now situated on one of the spurs which juts out from Mount Zomba on the right bank of the river Mlunguzi. Zomba lies a little to the north of Blantyre, between Lake Kilwa and the Upper Shire. One of the other subjects refers to the African Lakes Company's station at Mbane on the road from Katunga's on the Lower Shire River to Matope on the Upper Shire. The Company run steamers from the Zambesi as far as Katunga's. But here, as is frequently the case, the River Shire is broken by a series of falls named by Livingstone the Murchison Cataracts. This necessitates a portage of seventy miles over the Shire highlands to Matope, whence the river becomes again navigable, and a steamer runs to Lake Nyassa. The general type of the native dwellings on the Lower Shire is shown in the illustration of a Makololo village, while the village of the Chief Malunga is situated on the shores of Lake Nyassa above the point where the Upper Shire makes its way out of the Lake. For an interesting account of the trading and missionary work in this region, we would refer our readers to an article in the November number of *Murray's Magazine*, by Mr F. L. Moir.

### THE RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

See page 86

### "THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brawnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 93.

### THE NEW CANADIAN GUN-SLEIGH

OUR double-page engraving shows the trial at Quebec of a new form of gun-sleigh which presents many features of interest with regard to the winter equipment of Horse and Field Artillery. This new-pattern equipment consists of two sleighs, or "Bobs" as they are called—one for the limber and one for the carriage. Each "Bob" mainly consists of the two runners, a strong transom, with brackets and cap squares to take the axletree-arms and cross bars, under which a toboggan bottom is secured. The whole is so made as to be put together or taken apart in a very few minutes, and the operation of transferring the carriages from wheels to runners, or *vice versa*, is performed in a very short space of time; and, in case of urgency, can be done without unhooking the horses. The gun detachment lift the carriage, remove the wheels, and then lower it until the axletree-arms rest in their bearings at each end of the transom. The transom-cap squares are then keyed over the axletree-arms, the check chains on the runners hooked to the splinter-bar and trail respectively, and the whole is ready for winter service. The sleigh is so constructed as to allow of the width of the runners to be altered to suit the gauge of any road the artillery may have to travel by, and this is very important in Canada, as, in Quebec, the winter tracks are about 2 ft. 6 in. wide, and in Ontario 3 ft. The object of the toboggan bottom, as it is called from its similarity to a toboggan, is to enable the gun to ride over the snow where it is deep, instead of cutting into it and sticking. The recoil is taken up by two heavy chains passed under the runners and hooked. For transport, each sleigh or "Bob" is taken apart, and packed by itself. Two G. S. waggons will carry the complete equipment of sleighs for a battery of four guns with its ammunition and spare waggons, as well as for their own use, a battery taking the field being thus fully provided for either a winter or summer campaign, the only addition to its transport being the G. S. waggons. No change of drill is necessitated—the rest of the equipment remains exactly the same, and the expense is little or nothing compared to what it must have cost to build the old pattern sleighs for an equal number of guns. The present one on trial at Quebec cost about 12l., and, so far, has given thorough satisfaction in every respect. It is the invention of Captain R. W. Rutherford, Adjutant Royal School of Artillery, The Citadel, Quebec.



PARLIAMENT is to reassemble on Thursday, February 21.

AN IMPORTANT MEMORANDUM has been drawn up by the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief, detailing the measures to be taken should circumstances render necessary the mobilisation of the army. It includes a statement of those required for the movement of one or more Army Corps out of the country. The names of officers selected for various commands and duties upon the Staff are to be kept always ready at the War Office, with letters of appointment for instant use.

POLITICAL.—Lord Rosebery spoke at Scarborough, Lord Derby at Ashton-under-Lyne, and Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham on Wednesday. Lord Rosebery's speech was mainly an attack on the Liberal Unionists, whom Lord Derby defended from the charge of deserting Liberalism. On the contrary, he maintained, he and his friends were acting in accordance, not only with the traditions of British Liberalism, but with the policy of the best Continental Liberals, whose aim was to consolidate, not to separate, territories and nationalities which acknowledged a central Government. Mr. Chamberlain, who was delivering his annual address to his constituents, indicated various measures of British, as distinct from Irish, legislation, which the Unionist party should carry, one of them being to make free all schools, whether Board or voluntary schools. But in this connection the most important, and a very striking, part of his speech was that in which he urged that the time had come when we should begin to do for English and Scotch occupiers of land what has been done on an unprecedented scale for those of Ireland, when we should multiply the number of small landowners in England and Scotland by extending to British occupiers of land the benefits and privileges lavished on the same class in Ireland under Lord Ashbourne's Act.—At the house dinner on Tuesday of the National Union Club, Mr. Richard Chamberlain, M.P., presiding, Lord Cross spoke of the necessity for strengthening the Navy, remarking parenthetically that in warfare the best science was now needed. There must be no swords which break, no guns that will not fire.—On the same day Mr. John Morley addressed with his usual ability a large gathering of Liberals at Sheffield. He asserted exultingly that a large majority of the members just elected for the London County Council were in favour of his Clerkenwell programme. In his remarks on the Irish Question, the chief novelty was an admission of his agreement with Lord Salisbury that the Executive power in Ireland under a Home Rule system was a real difficulty, but he hoped that some plan might be devised by which an Irish Executive "should not have it in its power to play tricks with this country."—The Marquis of Ripon presided and spoke at a banquet given by the National Liberal Club to Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, the Parsee gentleman who was the unsuccessful Gladstonian candidate for Holborn in 1886, and whose services to India he warmly eulogised.

LORD DERBY made one of his sensible and discriminating speeches at a meeting of the Liverpool Self Help Emigration



Society in that city, which not only lends the intending emigrant a portion of his passage-money, but gives him every kind of useful information as to the whither and the how of emigration, and keeps up communication with the colonies, so that when he lands he finds himself among friends. After recapitulating the familiar arguments for the emigration of those who are at once young, poor, and energetic, Lord Derby deprecated great and ambitious schemes of colonisation as certain to lead to colonial legislation which would have for its object to check an influx of population larger than could be easily absorbed.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL meet for the first time, and provisionally, on the 31st inst., to make arrangements for its future proceedings. At its second meeting the Council will elect a permanent chairman, whose term of office expires on the 7th of November next, and also a vice and deputy-chairman. Another election is that of the nineteen Aldermen, who may be chosen either from among the members or non-members of the Council.

BI-METALLISTS have found another adherent in the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who has accepted the Vice-Presidency of the Bi-Metallic League.

THE LORD MAYOR, partly in response to an appeal made to him by an influential deputation, has decided on opening a Mansion House Fund for the relief of the sufferers by the terrible famine in China. Donations may be sent to him at the Mansion House, or paid into the account of "The China Famine Relief Fund" at the Bank of England.

ACCOMPANYING THE PRINCESS LOUISE, the Marquis of Lorne was present and spoke at a meeting held under the auspices of the Kyle Society, and presided over by Mr. Leonard Courtney, M.P., in support of the acquisition of the house and the eight acres in Lambeth known as "The Lawn" (formerly occupied by the late Mr. Henry Fawcett, M.P.), to purchase which, for conversion into a public garden, only 1,500*l.* is now needed, but this must be raised by the 31st inst.

A SECOND AND SEPARATE MEMORIAL to the late Matthew Arnold, in his capacity of Inspector of Schools, is contemplated, to take the form of "Arnold Prizes for English Literature," to be competed for by boys and girls attending Voluntary and Board Schools in Westminster. An influential committee, of which the Chairman of the London School Board, the Rev. J. R. Diggle, is Chairman, has been formed to promote the object. Subscriptions are received by Messrs. Twining, 118, Strand.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her sixty-fifth year, of Mrs. Harriet Thornton, daughter of the famous Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta; of Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Conolly, Resident Magistrate for the Curragh District, formerly Sub-Commissioner of the Dublin Metropolitan Police Force, who received the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry during the Siege of Sebastopol, where he was dangerously wounded; in his seventy-fourth year, of Mr. William M. Nicholson, who in 1877 succeeded Dr. Samuel Warren as a Master in Lunacy, an appointment worth 2,000*l.* a year, and who was at one time a prominent member of the Marylebone Cricket Club; in his fifty-seventh year, of Mr. John Coode, for twenty-six years Treasurer of Cornwall; and in his fifty-first year, of Signor Carlo Pellegrini, the clever Italian artist and caricaturist, well known as "Ape" of *Vanity Fair*.



MRS. OSCAR BERINGER's three-act play, entitled *Tares*, brought out at the OPERA COMIQUE Theatre on Monday evening, after a preliminary trial last year at a morning performance, sets forth the strange—the unaccountably strange—story of a young lady with a secret. Seven years before the commencement of the action of the piece, Margaret Gyde, daughter of the Rector of a county parish, was the happiest of young persons. The Squire's son, Nigel Chester, loved her dearly, and was about to make her his wife; when suddenly she declined to see him any more, and resolutely refused to tell him why, or even to confide to her loving father the solution of the mystery. To add to the perplexities of the situation, simultaneously with this eccentric and perverse conduct she adopted an infant, whose name was Jack, and lavished upon it affection which could not be greater if their relations had been those of mother and child. It will be thought that, under these circumstances, Margaret Gyde's father would inevitably compel an explanation; but it appears not. Such is the situation after, to use the lady's words, "seven long years," when accidents of various kinds bring Nigel again in contact with the cruelly capricious object of his still unabated affection, and a little light begins to be thrown upon the mystery. It appears that the infant Jack was deposited at the door of the Rectory by his unnatural mother, who had fled from the neighbourhood, and that attached to the child's clothing was a paper bearing the words, "Margaret Gyde:—When you can forget that this is the child of Rachel Denison and Nigel Chester then marry that man." So that it appears that the unsupported testimony of a wretch capable of deserting her own offspring is the sole excuse for Margaret Gyde's extraordinary behaviour. Surely it was indecorous, to say the least, for a young lady to be so ready to credit a charge—and such a charge—against her lover. But even more offensive to good taste and propriety are the taunts of Nigel, who now in his turn grows suspicious, and more than hints at the disgraceful reasons for Margaret's interest in the foundling. The climax of offence, however, is not reached till the wicked mother appears on the scene and prefers her charge in the presence of Nigel, who thereupon is supposed suddenly to recall certain disgraceful circumstances, and to learn for the first time that he is a father. How this imbroglio ends we are not permitted to know. It must be acknowledged that certain scenes are well written, and that some situations, in spite of the redundancy of the dialogue, are dramatically handled. The *mise-en-scène*, moreover, is excellent, and the acting is fairly good. Miss Kate Rorke's unbroken note of sorrowful indignation, being without reasonable cause, could not move the spectator very deeply. Mr. Forbes Robertson, nevertheless, by a certain grave, earnest, and self-restrained tone and manner, succeeded in great degree in making one forget the offences against morals and good taste of which he is guilty. Miss Murielle played the part of Jack with really wonderful intelligence and natural grace. The powerful though necessary unpleasant performance of Rachel, by Miss Gertrude Kingston, was the artistic triumph of the evening. Some slighter parts were satisfactorily filled by Mr. Canninge, Mr. J. G. Grahame, Mr. Somerset, and Mrs. Edmund Phelps.

Mr. J. P. Hurst's new "comedy-drama," entitled *The Beguins Diamonds*, which was subjected to a preliminary trial at the AVENUE Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, presents a curious combination of light comedy with drama of a serious and even intensely exciting character. Two sets of personages occupy the stage during the progress of this remarkable piece. The first, represented by Miss Norreys, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, Mr. Sydney Brough, Miss Vanbrugh, Miss Ethel Hope, and Mr. Eric Lewis, are gay, frolicsome, and genuinely diverting. The others, impersonated by Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Florence West, and Mr. Yorke Stephens, sus-

tain the stronger and more passionate element. Though all the parties stand in some sort of relation to each other, it cannot be affirmed that the author has made them factors in a well-balanced story, wherein the gayer vein heightens, while it relieves, the more sombre features. All that can be said is that, when from time to time the spectator has enjoyed the rich fun of seeing little Miss Norreys essaying in vain to maintain matronly disgust as the stepmother of romping step-children very much taller than herself, and has followed all the windings of the practical jokes played off on Mr. Eric Lewis as a gentleman of exaggeratedly æsthetic and poetical tendencies, the tone and spirit of the play suddenly change, and we find ourselves confronted with situations which are full of energy and pathos. The scene in which Mr. Yorke Stephens and Miss Florence West represent the young couple, while Mr. Waller impersonates the retired Indian Colonel, who is the innocently disturbing element in their circle, was acted by this trio with a force and intensity worthy of the dramatic power of the situation. Hardly less stirring or impressive was the situation at the close of the next act, in which the Colonel wrests from the young wife the terrible secret she is now endeavouring to conceal from him. Mr. Hurst's play was received with enthusiasm, but its shortcomings are serious. The *dénouement* depends far too much on verbal explanations, and something should be done also to restore the balance of tone; for this is, if anything, a serious play, in which the comic element cannot be permitted to assume so great a prominence without an appearance of trifling with the spectators' feelings.

It is a significant sign that the French dramatic journals, so long indifferent to the doings of our stage, now publish detailed criticisms on English performers of note. So in the current number of the fortnightly "Revue d'Art Dramatique," Mr. J. T. Grein, the London representative of that periodical, contributes a long critical account of *Macbeth* at the LYCEUM. Mr. Grein is in nowise a convert to the fashionable paradoxes about the character of the Scottish usurper and his wife; but he praises some points in the performance of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry, and is enthusiastic regarding the costumes and the *mise-en-scène*.

Mr. Pinero's new comedy, some time since stated to be in preparation at the COURT Theatre, will not be produced till the autumn season. At the close of the run of *Mammon*, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will appear here in Mr. Pinero's comedy, *The Weaker Sex*, which, as yet, has not been seen in London.

Mr. Mayer's bill at the ROYALTY will undergo a complete change on Monday, when Mdlle. Reichemberg, M. Coquelin the younger, M. Boucher, and other members of the company of the Théâtre Français will make their appearance here in *Les Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, by the elder Dumas. Mdlle. Malvan, of the Gymnase, also joins the troop for a week's engagement. The repertory comprises numerous popular pieces.

Mr. Irving's throat attack has unfortunately proved more obstinate than was hoped. He is, however, shortly expected to relieve his substitute, Mr. Hermann Vezin, in *Macbeth*.

An adaptation in Flemish of Mr. Wm. Black's novel "In Silk Attire," by Mr. Frans Gittens, one of the most renowned of Flemish playwrights, has been produced with some success at the National Theatre in Antwerp.

The Queen of Roumania, who is known as author under the name of Carmen Sylva, is writing a historical play, the plot of which is founded on an episode in the history of Roumania. This is the first attempt of the Queen as a writer of a Comedy, and as soon as the play is completed it will be performed by amateurs for a benevolent purpose.

Arrangements have just been completed for the holding of a great Society *Fête*, under highly distinguished patronage, to be known as "The Ice Carnival," in the ROYAL ALBERT HALL and Conservatory, on behalf of the West End Hospital for Paralysis, which is under the patronage of the Princess of Wales. The dates fixed are March the 14th, 15th, and 16th, and the *fête* will represent winter scenes and festivities in various countries. Each of the scenes will be carried out with the nearest possible approach to realism, and will include the games, sports, and pastimes of the different nationalities. The general effect of ice and snow everywhere, added to the variety of the scenes and costumes, all bid fair to realise an altogether novel and pretty picture. Mr. William Whiteley has kindly undertaken the necessary works and preparations of the *fête*, and Mr. D'Arcy de Ferrars has been appointed general manager.

SUNDRIES.—Messrs. Street and Co., 30, Cornhill, E.C., send us the twelfth annual issue of their "Indian and Colonial Mercantile Directory." Besides giving a great amount of useful information on the Trade Returns, Population, Products, Railways, &c., of each country mentioned, the book also contains a selected list of the principal merchants and traders in London, and the maps have been carefully revised. All people having business with the Colonies will find this an invaluable book of reference.—It is obviously impossible to criticise such an indispensable work as "Burke's Peerage" (Harrison and Sons), but we notice, on looking through the latest issue, that there are comparatively few alterations made since last year. We find on reference to the new edition that fifteen Peers, three Peeresses in their own right, and thirty-five Baronets have died since December, 1887, and that the new creations from then up to the present time are the Baronies of Knutsford and Savile. All these alterations are recorded in this, the fifty-first issue.

ENGRAVINGS AND ETCHINGS.—The Art Union of London (112, Strand, W.C.) have this year reproduced the picture by Mr. W. F. Yeames, R.A., now exhibited at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, entitled, "True and Loyal: (And when did you last see your father?)." The picture represents a scene in the time of the Cavaliers and Roundheads. A little boy is being questioned in his own home by some of Cromwell's followers as to the whereabouts of his father, who is a Royalist, and for whom they are searching, whilst, in the background, the mother and sister of the boy are watching the proceedings with great anxiety. The reproduction is very successfully made, by means of the Goupil-gravure process, and faithfully portrays the vigour and character shown in the original picture.—The Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street, W., send us an original etching by Mr. A. Wallace Rivington of "Nuremberg, St. Lorenz, and the Nassau-Haus." It gives a very good idea of the picturesque architecture of that mediæval city. The general effect is pleasing, but the figures in the foreground—where especial care was necessary to complete the picture satisfactorily—are badly executed, which detracts from the merit of the work.—Mr. Fred Morgan's picture, "The Favoured Swain," which was in the Academy the year before last, is the subject of a very clever etching by Mr. C. O. Murray (C. E. Clifford and Co., 30, Piccadilly, W.). It is a simple picture of rustic life which tells its own story. The general appearance of the etching would, however, be greatly improved if the tone were more subdued; and the reddish tint is rather too glaring for such a poetical subject.—"Little Nell," a mezzotint engraving by Edward Slocombe, after the picture by Florence Graham (Buck and Reid, 179, New Bond Street, W.), does not strike one as being by any means attractive. The engraving represents Little Nell seated at the window watching "the people as they passed up and down the street, or appeared at the windows of the opposite houses." The background is very much too dark, and the girl's face—which is white by contrast—lacks character and expression. The effect altogether is somewhat incongruous.



MR. W. L. WYLLIE has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS will in future hold their Exhibitions every spring in the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours, Pall Mall.

A MILITARY INSTITUTE will probably be organised in Sydney for the training of Colonial officers. The scheme has been floated by private enterprise, but the Government is likely to assist with a small monetary grant.

SOME NEW FRENCH COINS will shortly be issued—nickel pieces of twenty centimes to replace the silver ones now in use. These latter are to be withdrawn, and re-minted into fifty centime and one and two franc-pieces.

THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Newspaper Press Fund will be held on June 1st, the Chancellor of the Exchequer presiding. Larger and more numerous grants were made from the Fund during 1888 than in any previous year.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS is nowhere in Bulgaria. Recently the editor of the chief Opposition journal was warned by the Government organ that he would be mercilessly beaten if he did not modify the tone of his paper. The editor stuck to his colours, and three days later he was arrested, and soundly thrashed in the court of the police station.

ANOTHER FATAL BALLOON ACCIDENT has occurred in the North Sea. Last week a Dutch *aéronaut*, M. Wolff, with a Lieutenant in the Belgian army, M. Daniel, ascended from Antwerp, whence the wind, being contrary, carried them out to sea towards Ostend. A British steamer subsequently picked up M. Wolff, but Lieutenant Daniel was drowned before help could reach him.

THE POPULATION OF SWITZERLAND consists of 2,926,000 souls, according to the census just taken, and which shows that the increase has been less than 100,000 since 1880, much to the concern of the authorities. Emigration is one of the causes, having risen to 5 per cent, in Canton Berne alone within the last decade, while the low birth rate is another reason, the percentage rate having declined from 33·5 per cent. to 31·4 per cent.

AN EXQUISITE PIECE of rare old Flemish tapestry has been added to the South Kensington Museum. It is a small altar-hanging, representing the Adoration of the Virgin and Child, with portraits of the donor and two daughters, set in a narrow frame of rose-branches. It is most finely woven of very costly materials, is in the style of Roger Van der Weyden, and apparently dates from Bruges or Brussels in the fifteenth century.

THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON was recently nearly enacted by a Transatlantic justice in Georgia. Two parents claimed the same negro baby, and the evidence was so even that the puzzled Judge suddenly thought of the wise King's expedient. He seized the baby, pulled out a Bowie knife from his belt, and proposed to halve the child. But both claimants rushed forward simultaneously, crying, "Boss, don't kill him. You may have him!" So the Judge was as far from a decision as before.

THE MOUNTAIN BATTERY FOR WALES has made its first ascent of the Welsh peaks. The Battery, now stationed at Newport, Monmouthshire, scaled Twm Barriwon, about six miles from Newport, and 1,500 feet above the sea. The sides of the peak are very precipitous, and were then veiled in fog, but the Battery gained the top safely, and after bringing the guns into action, descended without accident. This is probably the first time that artillery has reached so great a height in the United Kingdom.

GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN.—On Friday, February 1st, at 8.30 P.M. a lecture will be delivered at Westminster Town Hall on Edward Gibbon by Mr. Augustine Birrell (author of "Obiter Dicta") in aid of the funds of Mrs. Watts-Hughes' Home for Destitute Boys, Mountfort House, Barnsbury Square, N. The chair will be taken by the Right Hon. John Morley, M.P. The price of reserved seats is 5*s.*, of other seats, 2*s.* 6*d.* Tickets can be obtained at Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street, W., or of Mrs. Augustine Birrell, Treasurer to the Home, 11, Albert Hall Mansions, Kensington Gore, S.W.

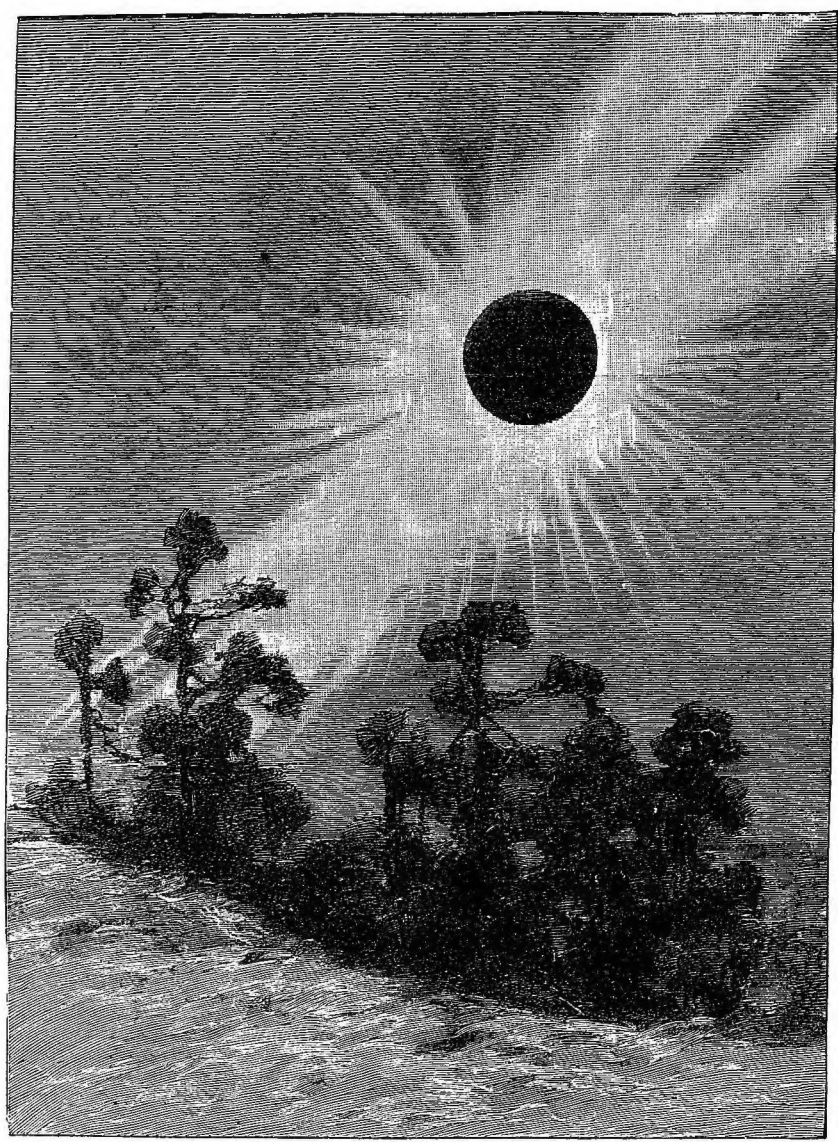
AN INTERESTING TRIP TO SIBERIA has just been completed by Mr. Victor Morier, son of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Sir R. Morier. He joined an expedition which intended to accompany the steamer *Labrador*, Captain Wiggins, to the mouth of the Yenissei, by the Kara Sea. The vessel being stopped by the ice, Mr. Morier and several companions landed at the mouth of the Obi, crossed the icy marshes, and passed through the province of Tobolsk to Tiumen, whence he reached the railway to Moscow. Mr. Morier brings back a most interesting collection of botanical, geological, and other treasures.

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT is proving remarkably successful in a Kansas city. For some years past the town of Oskaloosa had been ruled by a corrupt series of municipalities till its prosperity was fast disappearing. Some bold innovator suggested that the ladies should try their hands at reform, and accordingly a feminine Mayor and Council of Five were elected, and have managed the town affairs to general satisfaction ever since. The feminine rulers are most economical, are stern guardians of public peace and morality, and have organised a number of useful local improvements. The only complaint against Mrs. Mayor and her colleagues is that they are too Sabbatarian, and insist upon every place of business or refreshment being shut on Sundays.

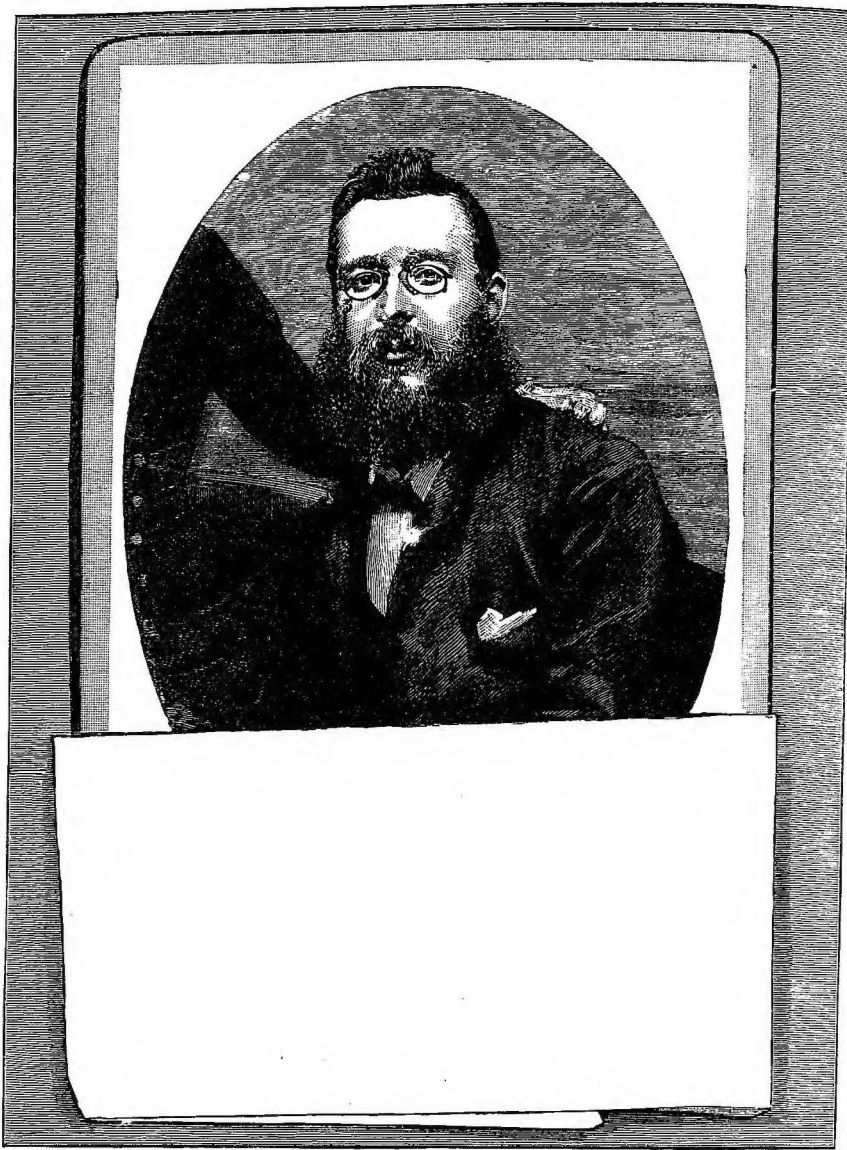
THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING-ROOM has been somewhat misused of late by persons coming solely to read modern novels, without any intention of genuine study. Such persons occupied the seats and took up the time of the attendants to the exclusion of students really desirous of work and research. They amounted to about one per cent. of the readers, and some would want as many as twenty volumes a day—mostly works by Zola and similar French writers, or their translators and imitators. Accordingly a rule has just come into force that no novels published within the last five years shall be issued, unless the reader can genuinely satisfy the librarians that the work is wanted for *bona fide* study or research. Considering that the accommodation of the Reading-Room is often quite inadequate—especially on Saturday afternoons—this restriction is most necessary, and will rid the room of many idle individuals. Speaking of the Museum, the Utrecht University has lent for exhibition the quaint drawing and description of the Swan Theatre, at Southwark, in 1596, recently found in the Utrecht Library in a MS. book, by Herr Van Bachel, and which we recently illustrated. The drawing is evidently based on observations by John de Witt, and must greatly interest students of the Elizabethan stage.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week and 1,769 deaths were registered against 2,075 during the previous seven days, being 205 below the average. These deaths included 121 from measles (a decrease of 55), 19 from scarlet fever (an increase of 2), 38 from diphtheria (an increase of 17), 36 from whooping cough (a decrease of 1), 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 1), and not one from small-pox, typhus, ill-defined forms of continued fever, or cholera. There were 2,837 births registered, being 48 below the average.





THE RECENT TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN  
The Corona as viewed from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, California



THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE  
Alleged Portrait of Tynan, the Notorious "No. 1," as shown in Court to the witness Delaney, and identified by him.  
The name at the bottom of the photograph was covered by a piece of paper, as shown in our engraving

The Judges    Mr. Cunynghame    Patrick Delaney



Mr. George Lewis    Mr. Davitt    Mr. Biggar

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL ASKING THE WITNESS DELANEY TO IDENTIFY PATRICK EGAN'S HAND-WRITING  
THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE  
FROM A SKETCH MADE IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL





*Captain Plunkett in the Witness Box:—"I think the Moonlighters were the Police of the League"*



*Mr. Cunynghame, Secretary to the Commission, putting Patrick Egan's Letters into Tale Cases*



*The Attorney-General reading Mr. Mat Harris's Letters*



*Mr. George Lewis (Solicitor for Mr. Parnell) appears in his fur-trimmed coat*



*Mr. Dominick O'Donnell, a Mayo Landlord, twice shot at*



*Patrick Delaney*



*Mr. Davitt cross-examines: Delaney—"I'm positive I saw it [i.e. a pistol] in your hand"*



*Mr. George Hewson, a land agent who gave evidence as to the non-payment of rents*



*Patrick Delaney, the Invincible*



*Mr. Robert Powell, agent to Lord Sligo, who gave evidence as to the non-payment of rents*



*Prince Malcom Khan, the Persian Ambassador*

*Colonel the Hon. W. F. Colville, Comptroller and Treasurer of the Household of the Duke of Edinburgh*



*Sir Charles Russell prepares to cross-examine*





prohibition by the Government of a play *L'Officier Bleu*, adapted from the Russian novel *Une Altesse Impériale*, by Ary Ecilaw (generally supposed to be the Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia), who has treated matters of Court life somewhat freely in her novels and whose play was proscribed as likely to annoy a "friendly Power."

OF GENERAL EUROPEAN NEWS, the principal items come from BULGARIA, where there are certain signs that Prince Ferdinand's popularity is on the wane. The Prince was sufficiently unwise to change the Bulgarian Royal colours, and in place of flying the Bulgarian lion, on a red ground, as prescribed by the Constitution, hoisted a standard, in which a miniature gold lion figures on his family coat of arms—a green cross on a white field. This greatly irritated patriotic Bulgarians. This irritation was further increased by his not taking part in the annual "Blessing of the Waters," while his conflict with the Bulgarian Synod is being carefully turned to account by the Russo-Slavonic Society. It is scarcely surprising that the partisans of Prince Alexander are once again taking heart, and that the visit of the Prince to Vienna to return his late father's decorations should have been interpreted into a sign that a reconciliation with the Czar was pending through the mediation of the Austrian Emperor. The Russian Press, however, warmly deny that Russia will ever permit him to reascend the throne. Be this as it may, the Prince was received at Vienna with marked cordiality by all classes, from the Emperor downwards.

From SUAKIN there is little news of importance. Continual skirmishes occur; but there has been no encounter of importance, and the garrison is being still further diminished, but the 9th and 10th Black Regiments are being replaced by other and freshly-levied Black troops, the more experienced veterans being wanted on the Nile. There are contradictory accounts from Khartoum, some pilgrims stating that a powerful chieftain, El Senousi, is warring against the Mahdi with a considerable force, and that the Mahdists had been defeated by the "Turks" (probably meaning Emin Pasha). On the other hand a Government messenger who had been to Khartoum states that he heard that Emin and Stanley were both prisoners up the Nile, and positively declares that their baggage and standards were at Omdurman.

IN INDIA, in addition to the Looshai Expedition, a small force is being despatched to punish the Nagas, who have again been giving trouble. The Sikkim-Thibetan question is to be re-opened, and the Chinese Government will at once despatch by sea an envoy endowed with fuller powers than the Ampa, whose departure from Lhasa has been indefinitely postponed by telegraphic mandate from Peking. The Ampa himself is stated to be himself responsible for the failure of the negotiations, for instead of assisting our authorities to obtain peace on reasonable terms, he arrogantly advanced on the part of China a claim to an annual ceremony of homage from Sikkim to China—a pretension which at once brought the Conference to an end. From BURMA comes the usual tale of skirmishes and rebel raids. The expedition against Sawlapaw makes good headway, and that chieftain has been summoned by proclamation to return to Sawlon and pay the fine imposed upon him. If he complies he will be reinstated; if not the chiefs of Eastern Karenee will be invited to elect another ruler.

IN THE UNITED STATES the Immigration Investigation Committee have introduced a Bill into Congress prohibiting the admission of all persons who are idiots, insane, paupers, those liable to become a possible charge on the community, of those who have been convicted of felony or any other infamous crime, of polygamists, Anarchists, Socialists, and labourers who come under contract. All foreigners are to pay a tax of 11. each, such foreign labourers as are excepted from the contract law are not to be admitted to labour for a limited time with the intention of returning to their homes, while immigrants must be provided with certificates from the United States Representatives abroad. The report adduces evidence that criminals are shipped over by officials of foreign Governments, and in particular by those of Germany, Great Britain, and Switzerland. The SAMOAN question is being discussed by the Foreign Relations Committee; the American Consul at Samoa has declared that England and Germany have been going hand in hand in the matter—England to have Tonga Island and Hawaii as her reward.



THE Queen's intended movements for the spring are now announced. Returning to Windsor on February 15th, Her Majesty will come to town for three days on the 25th proximo, and hold the first Drawing Room of the season on the following day. Accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry, the Queen will leave England on March 4th, crossing in the *Victoria and Albert* from Portsmouth to Cherbourg, whence the Royal party will travel direct to Biarritz via Bordeaux. Probably the Empress Frederick and her daughters, and the Queen of Hanover with the Princess Mary, will visit Her Majesty during her stay at the Châlet La Rochefoucauld, while the Queen Regent of Spain is also expected, escorted by a Spanish squadron. The Queen will remain about a month on the Continent, returning to England for Easter. Her Majesty's recent guests at Osborne have included the Lord Chancellor, Admiral Sir E. Comberell, and Sir G. Wallis, while the Dean of Windsor arrived on Saturday. Next morning the Queen, with Prince and Princess Henry, attended Divine Service at Whippingham Church, where the Dean preached, and in the afternoon Her Majesty received Lady Lytton. The Empress Frederick and her three daughters rejoined Her Majesty at Osborne on Wednesday.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been to Yorkshire this week. Several relays of guests visited the Prince and Princess at Sandringham last week. Lord and Lady Salisbury, Archdeacon Farrar, and Sir Arthur Sullivan being the latest arrivals, and the Archdeacon preaching on Sunday before the Prince and Princess and family, the Empress Frederick and daughters, and the other guests who attended Service at Sandringham Church. The party broke up on Monday, when the Prince and Princess and Prince Albert Victor came up to town with the Empress Frederick and daughters and the remaining visitors. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Lyceum to see *Macbeth*. On Tuesday they left by the midday train for Richmond, Yorkshire, where they were received by their hosts, Lord and Lady Zetland, and the town authorities, and drove through the gaily decorated streets to the market place to receive an address. The Royal party then went on to Aske Hall, where numerous guests met the Prince and Princess. On Wednesday they visited Middlesbrough to open the new municipal buildings and the Town Hall; next day there was a lawn meet of Lord Zetland's hounds at Aske Hall; while yesterday (Friday) would be occupied by a shooting party and a county ball. To-day the Prince and Princess return to town. The Prince will go to the Riviera, as usual, about the middle of February; and, after staying in Paris, will spend most of his time at Cannes. Prince Albert Victor has rejoined his regiment at York.



THE DEADLOCK IN THE ECCLESIASTICAL ADMINISTRATION of the Diocese of St. Asaph, previously referred to in this column, has come to a melancholy close through the death, in his eighty-second year, of its Bishop, Dr. Hughes. By birth and education he was a Welshman, and from first to last Wales was the sphere of his labours. As a zealous parish priest he attracted the notice of the then Bishop of St. David's, Dr. Thirlwall, who gave him the Vicarage of Llandinaw, near Llandoverly, in 1846. After labouring there for nearly a quarter of a century, he was made, at the instance of Mr. Gladstone, Bishop of St. Asaph, an appointment which his perfect command of Welsh in the pulpit rendered popular in the Principality. Through his decease the Bishop of Exeter is admitted to the House of Lords.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER has addressed to the *Times*, on the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, a plea for "let well alone." "The great majority of Churchmen," he thinks, "are tolerably contented with matters as they stand; they assuredly will not be contented if they are brought to such an issue as the Bishop's prosecutors desire."—The Chairman of the Church Association also writes to the *Times* to say that if the decision of the Primate's Court should be in favour of the Bishop of Lincoln, the Judicial Committee of Privy Council will be appealed to.

THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD has received from the congregation of Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, nearly 450l. for the East London Church Fund.

THE DEATH, in his seventy-seventh year, is announced of Mr. John M. Capes, formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, who, after being converted to Roman Catholicism, returned to Anglicanism, justifying the step in sound *apologias*, among them "To Rome and Back (1873)," and the latest of whose other works—he was at one time a frequent contributor to periodicals, *The Graphic* among others—"The Church of the Apostles, an Historical Enquiry," was published in 1886. Latterly, it appears, he rejoined the Roman Catholic Communion.

THE CONGREGATION at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday received the welcome intelligence that Mr. Spurgeon is recovering from the effects of his recent accident, and hopes to be soon well again.

#### MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is so prominent a personage in politics, and so important a factor in their working-out, that one is apt to forget that he is, comparatively speaking, a recent addition to the limited ranks of British statesmen. A dozen years ago his highest position in public affairs was that of Mayor of Birmingham. To this post he had been elected through three successive years. During his first year of office (1874) it fell to his lot to entertain the Prince of Wales, an incident looked forward to with some curiosity, for Mr. Chamberlain was at that stage of his career known as an uncompromising Radical, and no respecter of Royal personages. Even his enemies—for Mr. Chamberlain has always had enemies—admitted that he came out of the ordeal with unbounded success, displaying great tact in his character of host under circumstances which people insisted upon regarding as peculiar.

Mr. Chamberlain was born in London in 1836, and is by family ties connected with the Corporation, his father having been a member of one of the City Companies. He was educated at University College School, and his father having about the time he left school joined a firm of screw-makers in Birmingham (since widely known as Nettlefold's) the son was taken into the business. This he pursued with characteristic energy and success. In less than twenty years he was in a position to retire from business, and at the splendid age of thirty-eight devoted himself to politics. He was trained in an admirable school, being elected in 1868 a member of the Birmingham Town Council. In the same year he was appointed Chairman of the First Executive Committee of the Education League, into whose work he threw himself with the fixedness of purpose, the energy and clear-sightedness, that had early made his fortune in commercial pursuits. When the Birmingham School Board was formed he was elected a member, and presently, in accordance with the Darwinian theory, he became Chairman.

As early as 1874, Mr. Chamberlain was a predominant force in local affairs in Birmingham. In February of that year his name obtained wider recognition in connection with the memorable Parliamentary struggle in Sheffield. He stood for the borough with Mr. Mundella against Mr. Roebuck, and came out at the bottom of the poll, Mr. Roebuck being three thousand votes ahead. Two years later, upon Mr. Dixon's temporary retirement from public life, Mr. Chamberlain was returned for Birmingham, and took his seat in the historic assembly where he was destined to come to the front as naturally and as irresistibly as he had done in the narrower range of Birmingham politics. There was a good deal of curiosity to see and hear a man whose name was by this time familiar in politics, and who was regarded with some apprehension in Conservative circles, as being the recognised leader of a Radical Party at that time much stronger in the country than in the House of Commons. At his first uprising Mr. Chamberlain made a complete conquest of the House of Commons. With a discretion not universal among new members he made no attempt to catch the Speaker's eye during his first Session. He was regularly in his place, voted in all divisions, but was content to look on and observe. It was on the 17th of February, 1877, that he made his maiden speech, selecting for the occasion a debate on a non-political subject. It happened to be the Prisons Bill, a subject of which he showed that he possessed a perfect mastery of detail, and he was listened to with surprised respect by the country gentlemen, who found him expressing something like their own views with considerably more than their accustomed fluency and force.

Mr. Chamberlain naturally took his seat below the gangway, where he found a congenial colleague in Sir Charles Dilke. When debates on burning political questions were the Order of the Day, Mr. Chamberlain bore his due part in them; but his first attempt at legislation was confined to the lines of social reform which had marked his maiden speech. He attempted to grapple with the Drink Question, advocating in a series of luminous speeches the Gothenburg system of licensing places where drink is sold. He did not obtrusively thrust himself upon the attention of the House of Commons elected during the supremacy of Mr. Disraeli. But when in 1880 the tide had turned, and Mr. Gladstone was by an overwhelming majority placed in the position of Premier, it was assumed as a matter of course that Mr. Chamberlain would be invited to join the Ministry. As still a comparatively young member, and quite inexperienced in office work, it was taken for granted in some quarters that he would go through the usual apprenticeship of a Vice-Presidency or an Under-Secretaryship. But Mr. Gladstone took another view of his capacity, and at a single bound the Ex-Mayor of Birmingham found himself President of the Board of Trade, a Privy Councillor, and a Cabinet Minister.

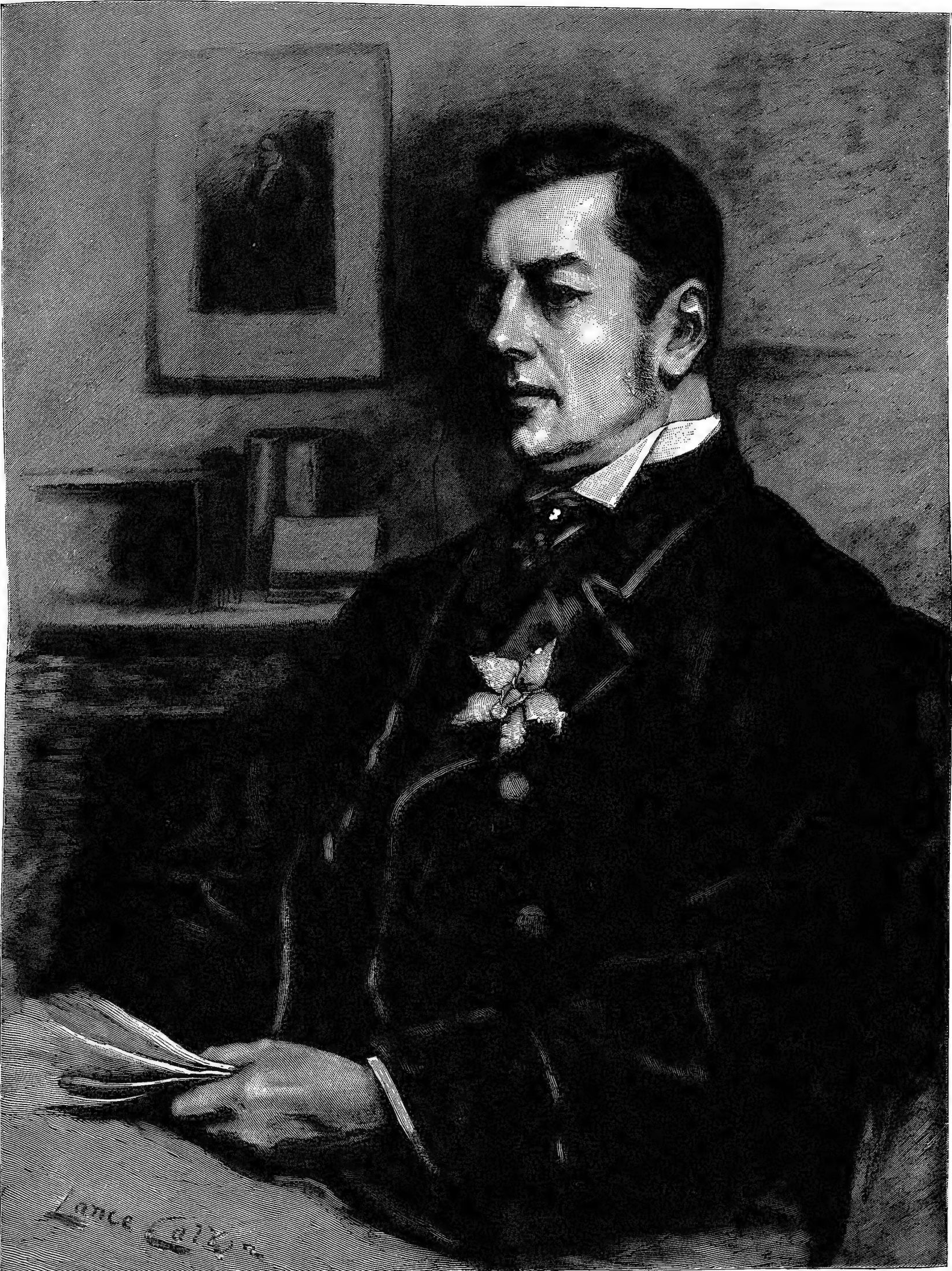
GERMANY is now devoting all her attention to her Colonial ventures, the eagerly-expected East African Bill has been passed by the Federal Council, and laid before the Reichstag. The Government, making sure of its acceptance, is already taking steps to fulfil its provisions. The document is brief and pithy, demands a sum of 200,000l. "for carrying out measures to suppress the slave trade, and protect German interests in East Africa," and asks for the appointment of an Imperial Commissioner to carry out those measures, and to exercise "with special instructions" that supervision over the German East African Company which by statute appertains to the Chancellor of the Empire. This Imperial Commissioner will, of course, be Captain Wissmann, and he is already busy collecting together his subordinates. He will start before the Bill has been read a second time, and will take with him some thirty commissioned and non-commissioned officers as a nucleus of the local force which he will at once organise on his arrival. The first task of this force will be to occupy the main outlets on the coast, and establish an anti-slavery land blockade. Meanwhile matters on the coast are going from bad to worse; there has been further fighting, and the Arabs are said to be greatly elated at their success, and to have demanded an evacuation of the coast by the Germans as a ransom for the missionaries captured in the attack on Tugu of the 13th inst. The details of this sad affair state that three Bavarian missionaries and one lady were massacred, and two hundred freed slaves recaptured and taken back into slavery. Two missionaries and a wounded German lady were captured, and are prisoners in the hands of the Arabs. This mission, by the way, was situated not in the territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar, but in the German Protectorate of Usambara. Prince Bismarck has instructed the German authorities at Zanzibar to take energetic steps to ransom the prisoners. As for Bagamoyo, the Arabs have established a large slave market in the neighbourhood, and it is stated that there are enormous numbers of slaves on the coast. The vessels of the blockading squadron are exceedingly active, and have boarded some hundreds of native craft, but have only found slaves on three of them. Notwithstanding the disturbed state of the whole country, Dr. Peters will start next month with his Emin Relief Expedition, which is now all but completely organised.

Another colonial topic has been the fighting at Samoa, and the American journalistic accounts of outrages stated to have been committed upon the American and British flags and on the houses of American citizens are indignantly declared to be false by the German officers of the German warship *Ebers*, who left Samoa on the 13th instant, and have telegraphed from Auckland, New Zealand, that no such events occurred. Apart from colonial matters the Germans have plenty of home affairs to discuss just now, and there has been much heated comment upon the publication by the *Cologne Gazette* of a summary of the private correspondence which was seized at the house of Dr. Geffcken, and in which both he and Baron Roggenbach appear to have expressed their opinions regarding the characters of high personages with more candour than discretion. The unpredicated step, however, of impounding and publishing private correspondence of individuals for the sake of hounding down an opponent is warmly denounced by journals of every shade, and even the *National Zeitung* condemns "the using for political purposes of a confidential exchange of thoughts" as inexcusable, "even as an indiscretion." As for poor Dr. Geffcken, though legally acquitted and released, his persecutors have by no means ceased to torment him, and on Saturday he was subjected to another examination before the Chief Court of Hamburg, with a view to ascertaining whether his "mental condition" warranted his being placed under "tutelage." Dr. Geffcken will certainly have cause to remember his remark in years gone by that "the Chancellor had not a single noble trait in his character, not a spark of kindly feeling or compassion."

FRANCE is absorbed in the great contest which comes off to-morrow, and even at the last moment no impartial observer can venture confidently to forecast the result. Both Boulangists and Republicans have been working incessantly, and Paris is turned into a battlefield of bill-stickers—as no sooner does an *affiche* relating to M. Jacques appear than it is plastered over with an emanation from General Boulanger, which in its turn is speedily blotted out by a fresh placard from his opponent. Even the statues have been turned into advertising mediums, while the steps of the Opera have been covered with tricoloured bills, "which," the *Times* correspondent consolingly remarks, "at a distance have not a bad effect." General Boulanger gives audience all day long, and promises anything and everything to all sorts and conditions of voters, from publicans to Panama Canal shareholders, and for this last courtesy has been publicly dined by M. de Lesseps. The popular excitement has been growing day by day, and there is some apprehension of serious disturbances to-morrow. Notwithstanding the electoral fever, however, which pervades all circles, the Chamber has found sufficient energy to indulge in a debate over Colonial matters, during which Bishop Freppel astonished everybody by a vigorous denunciation of the naval authorities for their lethargy in allowing French possessions in the Pacific to be seized by everybody in general, and by Chili, and of course by England, in particular. Thus Easter Island midway between America and the French possessions in Tahiti has been occupied by Chili, while England has hoisted her flag in the Cook Archipelago and the Tubuai Islands, which he contended formed part of the Tahiti group. This last point Admiral Krantz, in his reply, conceded, stating that the British annexation was not an accomplished fact, and that England would be asked in a friendly way to give them up. "Anyhow," he continued, "a war cannot break out between England and France for so trivial a reason." It has since been stated no such annexation has ever been attempted. As to the Cook Archipelago, the chiefs, influenced by the Anglican missionaries, had preferred a British to a French Protectorate; while with regard to Easter Island every French admiral who had visited it had said, "Don't take it, it is good for nothing."

IN PARIS the Panama Canal financial difficulty is to be tidied over—at least temporarily—by the formation of a new company "for the completion and working" of the enterprise, with a preliminary capital of 1,200,000l., and a right to double that amount in case of need. The shares are to bear five per cent. interest during the progress of the works. M. de Lesseps has published a letter to the old shareholders, to whom he gives the comforting assurance that when the Canal is completed eighty per cent. of the net profits will be reserved for them, and that he is confident that the day will soon be reached "on which the passage of the vessels of the whole world across the isthmus will justify your perseverance and endow France with a new glory." According to M. Alphonse's official report, the buildings for the Paris Exhibition will be ready by the appointed time. The Eiffel Tower, also, will be completed by the end of March. The ascent will be made by lifts, taking up from 50 to 100 persons. The complete ascent will take four minutes, and it will be possible to take to the top 750 persons an hour. There has been considerable speculation with regard to the





No. XXVIII.

CELEBRITIES OF THE DAY—THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY LANCE CALKIN

*J. Chamberlain*



During his tenure of office, which lasted as long as Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1880, Mr. Chamberlain in common with his colleagues was handicapped in his legislative efforts by the prevalent obstruction that made memorable the Parliament of 1874. But he succeeded in settling two important questions that had flitted through successive Parliaments for more than a generation. He amended the Bankruptcy Laws, and he carried through a Patents Bill. He also grappled, but less successfully, with the intricate question of the Shipping Laws. Whilst fulfilling with conspicuous success the duties of an administrator and legislator, Mr. Chamberlain proved himself one of the most powerful debaters in the House of Commons. He has been seen at his very best in these latest Sessions when, separated for conscience' sake from old friends and associates, he has fought with his back to the wall against a semicircle of adversaries. Not the least complete of his successive triumphs over difficulties was seen in his visit last year to the United States as British Commissioner for the Settlement of the Canadian Fishery Question. At the outset circumstance raised against him what looked like a dead wall of prejudice. Mr. Chamberlain went forward undismayed, and his social success in the United States has been equalled only by the favourable impression he personally created in Canada.

HENRY W. LUCY

## THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

FOR the second time Sir Coutts Lindsay has succeeded in furnishing his Gallery with a varied and interesting assemblage of works illustrating the century of British Art ending in 1837. It is certainly not so rich in pictures of incident as the display of last year, but nearly all the chief masters of portraiture and landscape who lived within the period are well represented. Immediately on entering the West Gallery we come upon a large and very fanciful picture, by Gainsborough, of "The Mall in St. James's Park." It has harmony of line to recommend it, and great beauty of colour; but the gentlemen and tastefully dressed ladies lazily lounging and conversing in various attitudes of studied grace, and the artificial landscape, belong to the unreal world of fantasy. In striking contrast to the dreamy unsubstantiality of this work is the uncompromising realism of the painter's apparently faithful, but not very pleasing, full-length of "Admiral Earl Howe," hanging at the end of the Gallery. On one side of Gainsborough's fanciful composition is a finely modelled, but faded, head of "Lady Elizabeth Keppel," and on the other a very charming portrait of "Mrs. Morris," in a perfect state of preservation, both by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Passing Hogarth's scene from "The Beggar's Opera," which appeared not long since at the Academy, a small picture of "A Lady on a Couch," admirable in colour, and painted with Velasquez-like breadth and firmness, by an almost forgotten painter of the last century, Henry Walton, and a brilliant little sketch by Landseer, we come to the largest and one of the best of several pictures by George Romney. This is a life-sized portrait of "Mrs. Jordan," standing in a free, unconstrained, but not ungraceful attitude, with an animated expression on her lovely face. The finely-formed hands and arms are admirably drawn and modelled, and the flowing white drapery most artistically disposed. Some of Romney's pictures have been exhibited within the last few years at the Academy; but the life-like head of "Lady Hamilton as Euphrosyne"—one of the best of his numerous portraits of that fascinating lady—is new to us, so also is the full-length of a little boy "John Fane," standing with his hand on the head of a large dog. This is a very strong piece of work—true in character, glowing with rich and well-arranged colour, and painted with breadth and well-restrained mastery.

A three-quarter length of "Frances, Countess of Dartmouth," by Reynolds, occupying a central place in the West Gallery, strikes us as the finest example of female portraiture in the collection. The pose of the figure is spontaneous and graceful, and the expressive face instinct with vitality. The varied local tints in the costume and landscape background are of fine quality, and admirably arranged with a view of producing a rich and harmonious general effect. On the same wall are several works by Sir Joshua, including the "Crossing the Brook" that appeared here in the exhibition of his collected works; a masterly group of two boys, "The Masters Gawler," and the original of the well-known engraving of "The Rev. Laurence Sterne," with his finger pressed against his forehead, and a cynical expression on his intellectual face. Among other portraits like this interesting in subject are John Opie's large head of "Dr. Johnson" in his old age without his wig; Hoppner's half-length of "William Gifford," author of "The Baviad, and The Mæviad;" Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Lord Castlereagh," a bust portrait of "Sir Walter Scott," as a boy in Highland dress, by Raeburn, and a small head of "Samuel Richardson," the novelist, attributed to Hogarth. A curious example of Hogarth's early work is to be seen in a rather stiff and formal portrait group, "The Thornhill Family." The adjoining picture called, "A Musical Study," containing portraits of Handel, Farinelli, Mrs. Fox Lane, and others, is also probably authentic; but neither the roughly-handled version of his well-known "A Modern Midnight Conversation," nor the view of "Spencer House," from Piccadilly, with many well-grouped figures beside the pond in the foreground, seem to be the work of his hand. The latter—an excellent picture of its kind—is probably by Samuel Scott.

By Stothard there is a small and most delicately-wrought little picture, "Speech Day at Christ's Hospital," containing ninety portraits, in style, as well as in subject, very unlike the kind of work by which he is best known. His larger imaginative picture, "The Rape of the Lock," representing Belinda in sumptuous attire, with ladies grouped about her and *amorini* floating in the sky, is distinguished by mastery of design and glowing harmony of colour. Raimbach's admirable line engravings have made Wilkie's "Blind Man's Buff" and the "Penny Wedding" so familiar to the public that nothing need be said of their vivacity of design, their wealth of incident, or their expressive truth. They are among the latest pictures that he produced before he changed his style and enlarged the scale of his work; and, unlike those of earlier date, have lost their pristine purity of colour.

There is no very large or important landscape by Richard Wilson, but his power as a colourist, and fine sense of style, are seen in many works; best of all perhaps in the admirably composed and spacious landscape remotely resembling "The Lake of Nemi," from Mr. James Orrock's collection, and in an exquisitely luminous little "Lake Scene," lent by Mr. Joseph. The pictures by Crome, of which there are thirteen in the collection, include several carefully studied woodland scenes of early date, strongly resembling the work of Hobbema; and two or three admirable examples of his mature art, of which "Hay-barges" in a lumpy sea is perhaps the finest. Cotman's picture of a three-masted ship surging through a stormy sea by twilight, "Homeward Bound," is full of tone, broadly painted, and effective; but his smaller "Sea View," lent by Mr. T. Humphry Ward, is a still finer work, more subtle in its quality of tone, and more suggestive of space and movement.

Constable is more largely represented than any other painter. Besides "The Lock"—one of the most famous and best of his large works—and two smaller finished pictures, there are about eighty studies and sketches by him that till now have never been exhibited. They are very varied in subject, but they all show artistic feeling, and an appreciative perception of natural beauty. Some of them, very rapidly executed, convey a very vivid impression of the aspect

of a scene under a temporary effect of changing weather; while others, though apparently true to local fact, are as well balanced in composition, and light and shade, as many of his finished pictures.

The pastel drawings ranged in the third and fourth rooms are very disappointing. The very numerous portraits by John Russell are, with one exception, crude in colour, weak, and commonplace. There are a few fairly good male portraits by Knapton and Gardner, and two female heads by Francis Cotes, delicately modelled, but much inferior to his oil pictures.



**THE LATE DR. HUEFFER.**—Dr. Francis Hueffer, for the past ten years musical critic of the *Times*, died suddenly of erysipelas last Saturday night. We reserve his biography until we publish his portrait.

**DEATH OF MADAME ILMA DI MURSKA.**—Madame Ilma di Murska, who died under somewhat sad circumstances at Munich last Thursday, was, for many years, a popular member of Mr. Mapleson's operatic troupes in London and the provinces. She was born in Croatia in 1835, and studied in Italy, and afterwards in Vienna, under the celebrated Madame Marchesi. Madame Ilma di Murska sang in various of the smaller towns on the Continent, until, in 1874, she achieved—first in Berlin, and afterwards in Vienna—a notable success; her delineation of Dinorah, of which character she was the first exponent in Austria, being exceedingly popular. In 1865 she came to London, and made her *début* at Her Majesty's Theatre as Lucia. Since then, and down to the time that she left Europe for a tour round the world, her visits to England were frequent, her favourite parts being Marguerite di Valois in *Les Huguenots*, Lucia, Amina, Linda di Chamouni, Isabella in *Roberto*, Marta, Gilda, Astrafiamante, and, of course, Dinorah. After acquiring an ample competency, Madame di Murska unfortunately entrusted all her savings to a friend, who abused her confidence, and, instead of investing the money, disappeared with it. Consequently, last autumn, when her voice failed her, and illness prevented her from teaching, she found herself in New York in a state of great poverty. Kind friends subscribed the money to send her from the United States to her sister in Munich, where, a short time after her arrival, she died. The saddest part of a tragical story, however, is, that her favourite daughter, heart-broken on the death of her mother, committed suicide by taking poison.

**CONCERTS (VARIOUS).**—At the Popular Concert Beethoven's Septet was performed on Saturday afternoon, and Schubert's Octet on Monday evening, both works being admirably played by Lady Hallé and the usual party. It was rather a pity that no break was made between the parts of the Octet, as so enormously long a work could hardly fail to tire both executants and audience. This, however, is a mere detail. On Saturday the programme opened with the famous "Emperor's" Quartet, in which Haydn introduced a set of variations on his own Austrian National Anthem. Madame Haas gave on Saturday a very tasteful rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110), and on Monday she essayed the Abbé Liszt's so-called arrangement of one of Bach's organ fugues. It seems unfortunate that, with the enormous *répertoire* of pianoforte music open to her, a talented pianist should have attempted these adaptations at a popular concert. But Madame Haas made ample amends when, for an *encore*, she gave a delicious rendering of the "Traumerei" from Schumann's *Children's Scenes*.—On Monday Mr. Sims Reeves announced a concert for the benefit of John Leech's sisters. Unfortunately he himself was too ill to appear; but Mr. Lloyd, Lady Hallé, Miss Janotha, and others, took part in a miscellaneous programme.—At the London Symphony Concert, on Tuesday, Mrs. Henschel, whose beautiful voice was never in more perfect order, sang the solo in Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer." The symphony was Mozart's "Jupiter," and the novelty was a little *entr'acte* from Weber's posthumous opera, *The Three Pintos*, a complete performance of the newly-finished version of which was given for the first time in Vienna, last Friday, at the Opera House. *The Three Pintos* contained some of Weber's most matured music; but the libretto, which was, we believe, rewritten for the Vienna performance, is in its original form poor stuff indeed.—On Tuesday, also, at the Albert Hall, Madame Patti made her last appearance in London before sailing once more for South America. She sang "Bel Raggio," a song from *Lakmé* (repeated), and Haydn's "With verdure clad," besides, for encores, "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and "Home, Sweet Home." Madame Trebelli had, after all, not sufficiently recovered, and could not appear.—On Wednesday there was a morning Ballad Concert, at which Mr. Sims Reeves was again too ill to appear, but when an excellent programme was provided; and in the evening a performance of *Elijah* by Messrs. Novello's choir, with Mesdames Nordica and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Henschel, in the chief parts.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Madame Albani has arrived in Canada, and will next week make her *réentrée* at Montreal.—Madame Pauline Lucca announces that after her forthcoming tour in the United States she will altogether retire from the profession.—Signor del Puente, the original Toreador in *Carmen*, likewise announces his retirement from the operatic stage. He proposes to become a teacher of singing in New York.—The deaths are announced of Mr. J. W. Cherry, composer of "Will o' the Wisp," and of Mr. J. B. Geoghegan, composer of "The Men of Merry England," and two hundred other popular songs.—Mr. Prout has resigned the post of senior musical critic of the *Athenæum*, but will continue occasionally to write for that paper.



**THE TURF** record of the week is practically a blank. There was racing at Plumpton on Friday and Saturday last week, when backers, on the whole, were very successful. Caroller won two races; the others require no comment. At Nice last week La Barbée, starting at 7 to 1, won the Grand Prix de Monaco. Trident, who started favourite, could only get fourth.

**SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL** was very important. Rugbywise, Yorkshire, as was generally expected, easily defeated the New Zealanders, who had beaten Warrington a day or two before, and who have since beaten Spen Valley. Somersetshire defeated Blackheath. It was an important day also for the exponents of the dribbling game. In League matches, Preston North End pursued their victorious career, and defeated Everton, while Aston Villa beat West Bromwich Albion, the match attracting a great crowd. At Sunderland, 8,000 spectators were present to see the South beat the North by two goals to one—a smaller margin than was generally anticipated. Glasgow beat Sheffield. The semi-final matches of the London Senior Cup competition resulted

in the success of Clapton and the Casuals, who beat the Royal Arsenal and Hotspur respectively.

**BILLIARDS.**—At the time of writing Peall and Mitchell, with four victories each, are at the head of affairs in the Championship Tournament. Peall beat White, who was expected to make a good fight of it, by 997 points, and made a 791 break; while Mitchell, playing against McNeil, made a break of 923. Peall is to give White 4,000 in 18,000, all in, for 500*l.* a side (!).

**ROWING.**—The University Boat Race is to be rowed on March 30th, instead of on April 13th, which would be the natural date. The alteration will enable the start to be fixed for about mid-day—a fact upon which we congratulate those members of the public who like to witness the struggle.—From America it is reported that O'Connor and Gaudaur have come to terms. This is just what our scullers over here, Norvell and Corcoran, seem unable to do.

**COURSING.**—The event of last week was the defeat of Mr. Hornby's crack, Herschel, by Happy Rondelle in the Members' Cup at Altcar, and she eventually secured the stakes outright. This was not the only piece of success which fell to the share of Mr. M. G. Hale, the happy owner of Happy Rondelle, for Happy Alec won the Veteran Stakes, and Happy Omen divided the Selson Stakes with Mr. A. H. Jones's Jupon Vert.

**CRICKET.**—The Englishmen have sustained two more defeats at the hands of their Cape brethren. Eighteen of Kimberley beat them by ten wickets, and Fifteen of Cape Colony by fourteen wickets. Abel, Mr. Bowden, Wood, and Frank Hearne did their best to avert these disasters.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Englishmen were fairly "in it" at the great international "pigeon shoot" at Monte Carlo. First Mr. Walter Blake secured the Poule d'Essai, and then Mr. Valentine Dicks, who is quite a youngster by the way, secured the event of the meeting, the Grand Prix du Casino, beating such tried shots as M. Journu, Signor Guidicini, and Mr. Seaton, who won last year.—The news of the pugilists in America is eminently satisfactory—to those, that is, who do not believe in the revival of prize-fighting. Mitchell and Kilrain have parted company, and the former has started for home; while Sullivan has broken out into his old drinking habits, and is not likely to fight again.



**TITHE COMMUTATION.**—As a result of the corn averages for the seven years ended December 31st, 1888, being 4*s.* 5½*d.* per bushel for wheat, 3*s.* 7½*d.* for barley, and 2*s.* 5*d.* for oats, the commuted average of every 100*l.* of tithe rent-charge for 1889 will be 80*l.* 19*s.* 8½*d.*, being about 3½ per cent. less than last year. The following shows the worth of 100*l.* tithe rent-charge for the last seven years:—1883, 100*l.* 4*s.* 9¾*d.*; 1884, 98*l.* 6*s.* 2¼*d.*; 1885, 93*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.*; 1886, 90*l.* 10*s.* 3¾*d.*; 1887, 87*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.*; 1888, 84*l.* 2*s.* 8¾*d.*; 1889, 80*l.* 19*s.* 8½*d.*. The average value of 100*l.* tithe rent-charge for the fifty-three years elapsed since the framing of the Tithe Commutation Act is 101*l.* 10*s.* 11¾*d.*. But the clerical interest is a severe sufferer, notwithstanding the mean still being above par. The heavy decline since 1883 was not foreseen, no savings were effected in order to provide for it, and now a diminution of 20 per cent. in the value of livings makes it more than ever difficult to find occupants for the smaller rural benefices.

**LAND AND INCOME-TAX.**—It is not so well-known as it should be that a concession hitherto restricted to owners of land on whose hands farms had been thrown, has now been extended to all landowners who cultivate their land. The concession is a most important one, for it gives to landowners a right to claim back tax paid, under Schedule A, upon such part of the assessed value of their land as they have not been able to make out of their profits by farming it. This is in addition to the re-fund of tax which they may have paid under Schedule B. It may be as well to warn occupiers of land against electing, as they frequently do, because it seems at first sight the easiest way, to be assessed under Schedule D, instead of under Schedule B. They have, in reality, nothing to gain, and everything to lose, thereby.

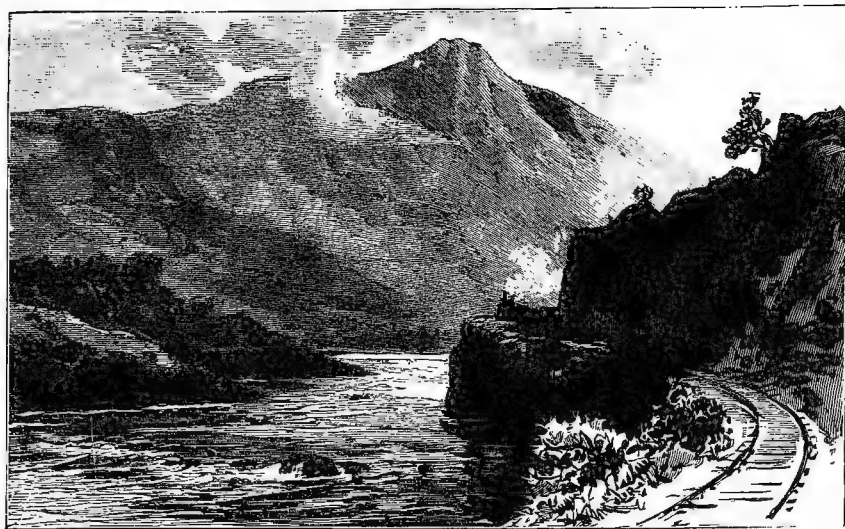
**THE FARM BALANCE SHEET** on a 400-acre farm belonging to Mr. Wells stands thus—*Dr.*, Rent, &c., 580*l.*; labour, 881*l.*; horse-corn seeds and seed-corn, 359*l.*; tradesmen's bills and sundries, 180*l.*; interest on capital of four thousand pounds, 200*l.*; profit, 180*l.*; total, 2,380*l.* *Cr.*, Wheat and wheat-straw, 1,060*l.*; barley, 720*l.*; sheep and wool, 600*l.*; total, 2,380*l.*. A well-known agricultural writer has analysed this balance sheet and suggests an amended system, thus—*Dr.*, Rent, outgoings, labour, &c., 2,000*l.*; oil-cake and feeding-stuffs, 200*l.*; artificial manures, 100*l.*; interest on capital of four thousand pounds, 200*l.*; profit, 200*l.*; total, 2,700*l.* *Cr.*, Wheat, 500 qrs. at 32*s.*, 800*l.*; barley, 600 qrs. at 30*s.*, 900*l.*; sheep, 400 at 50*s.*, 1,000*l.*; total, 2,700*l.*. The difference does not appear to us very important, but the consumption of the straw on the farm makes the holding more self-supporting than under the first plan.

**THE AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE** imported by this country last year has cost us a total sum about equal to the ordinary national expenditure. In other words, could we have saved this amount paid to the foreigner we should have been able to do without taxes. Considerably over thirty millions sterling was paid for foreign wheat and flour, a large proportion going to Russia. Barley and oats, of which we certainly ought to be able to grow sufficient at home, cost 6,069,190*l.* and 4,588,712*l.* respectively; beans and peas, 1,626,000*l.* together, while maize, which high farming of barley, oat, and pulse lands might keep out altogether, cost nearly 7,000,000*l.*. It is indeed sad to see that flax, which used to be a great national crop of Ireland, is now imported at an annual cost of 3,000,000*l.*, while the Kentish farmers appear to be despairing of hop cultivation, and imports of hops have risen from 428,250*l.* in 1887, to 796,404*l.* in 1888. Two and a half millions are spent on foreign fruit—over a million on apples alone, which the Western Counties ought well to produce. Nearly a million, too, was spent on foreign potatoes.

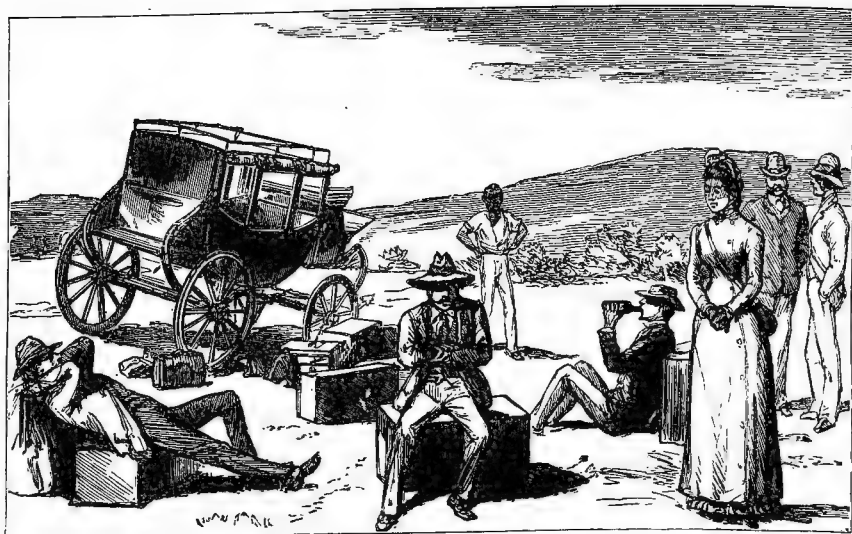
**FURTHER LOSSES** are revealed when we look into the returns of agricultural produce in a manufactured form, for here we have the impoverishment of the manufacturer as well as of the farmer. The ten millions sterling spent on foreign flour means that amount of work-value lost to English mills, which have machinery to grind all the wheat we need. A still more extravagant expenditure of thirteen millions on foreign butter and margarine is not all the loss that our dairy farmers might perfectly well avoid; for 4,542,595*l.* was spent in 1888 on foreign cheese. Over three millions go on tallow, lard, and stearine, while the same sum is spent on foreign eggs, and yet a third three millions on foreign hides. After these gigantic sums, 276,162*l.* for Ostend rabbits, 403,197*l.* for foreign poultry, 621,771*l.* for green vegetables, mostly from France, and 641,256*l.* for Spanish and other onions, seem scarcely worthy of enumeration.

**SOME EXPERIMENTS** in the manuring of apple-orchards by sheep have recently been carried out, with very satisfactory results. In one case, the object of putting the sheep into the orchard was that of getting rid of weeds, with which it was infested; and that object





VIEW ON THE TUGELA RIVER, NEAR ESTCOURT



A BREAKDOWN ON THE ROAD

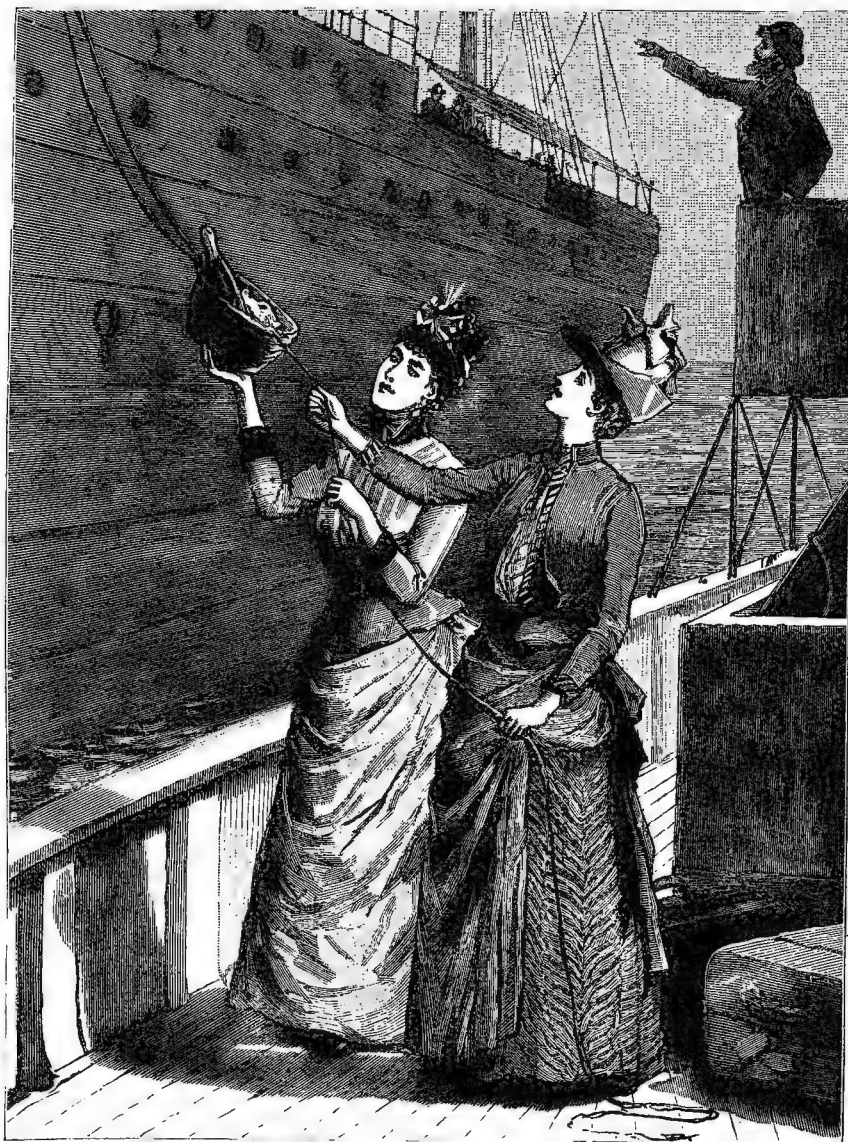


She will not go on Deck though the Doctor Expostulates



So they Resort to Stratagem and Ring the Fire-bell. The Cure is complete

## THE SEA-SICK YOUNG LADY



"CHAMPAGNE AND BISCUITS"  
At Port Natal Two Hungry Ladies Haul Down Refreshments from the Steamer



BEWARE OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT WHEN FLIRTING ON BOARD SHIP

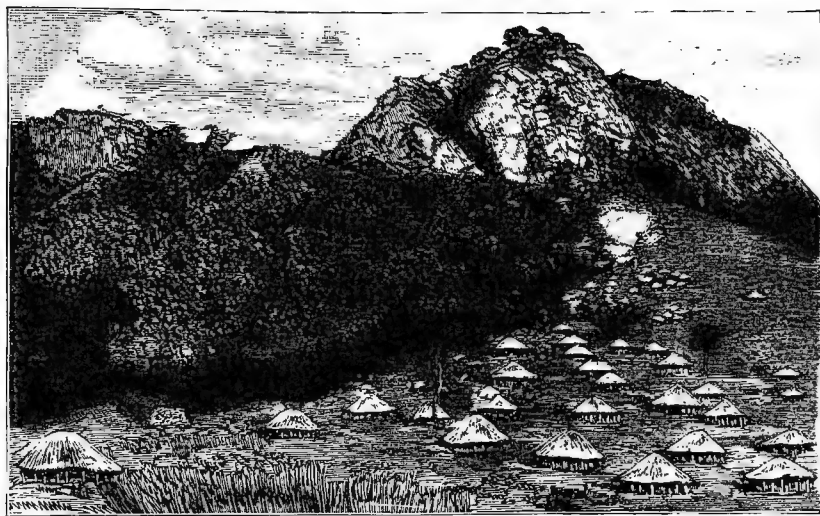
## TO THE TRANSVAAL GOLD-FIELDS VIA NATAL, II.

FROM SKETCHES BY MR. DENNIS EDWARDS

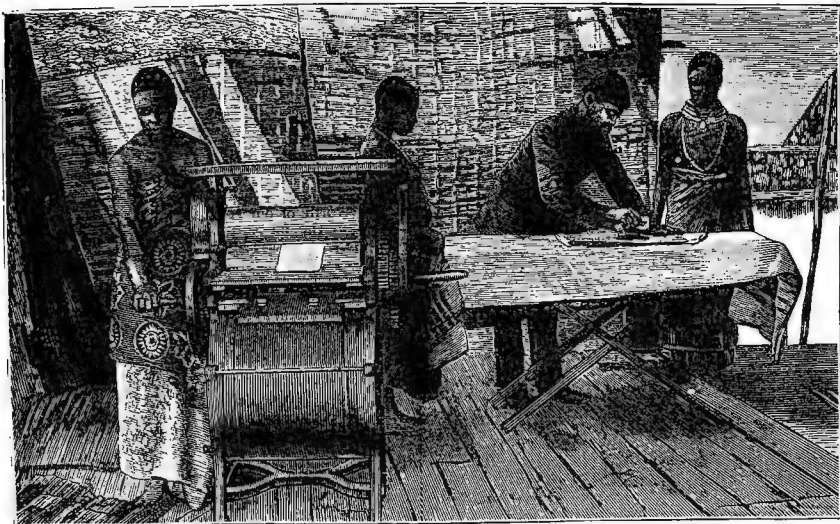




A MAKOLOLO VILLAGE, LOWER SHIRÉ



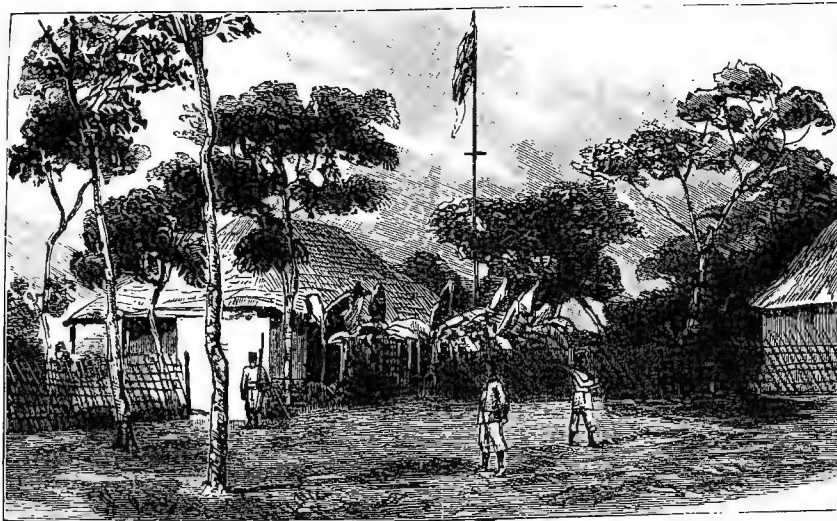
CHIEF MALUNGA'S VILLAGE ON MOUNT NDILANDI



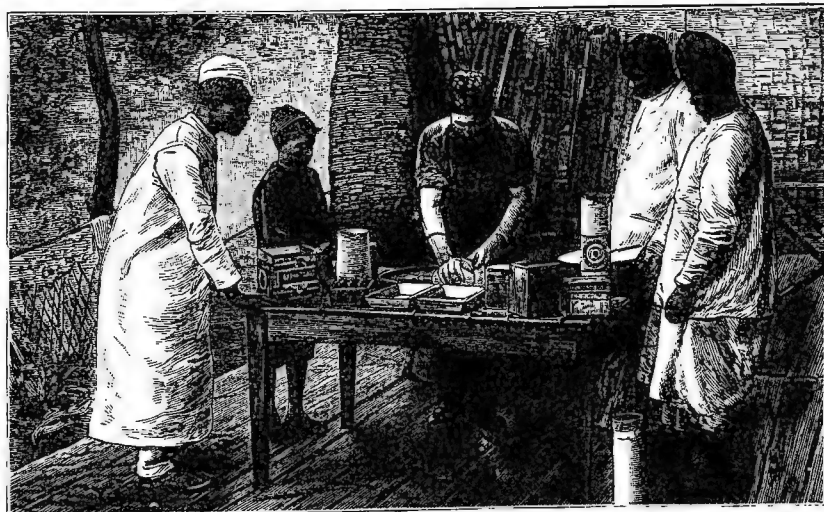
A MISSIONARY GIVING LESSONS IN THE LAUNDRY, NYASSA



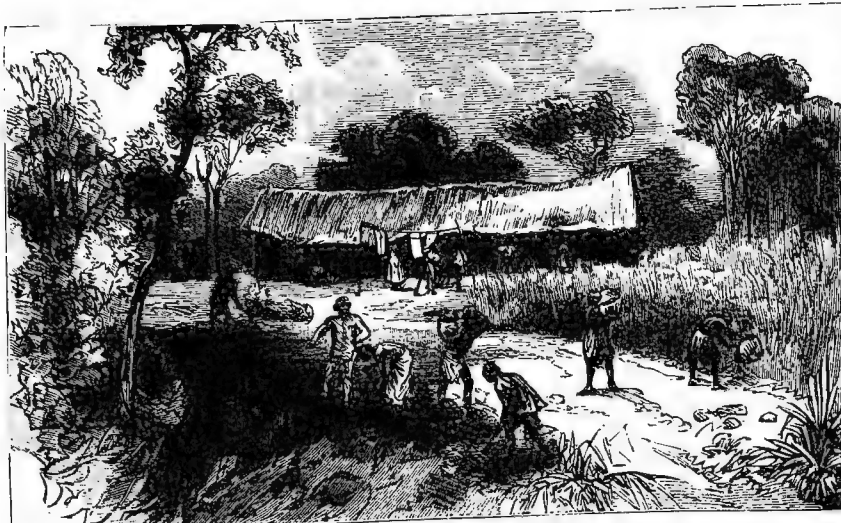
VIEW ON LAKE NYASSA



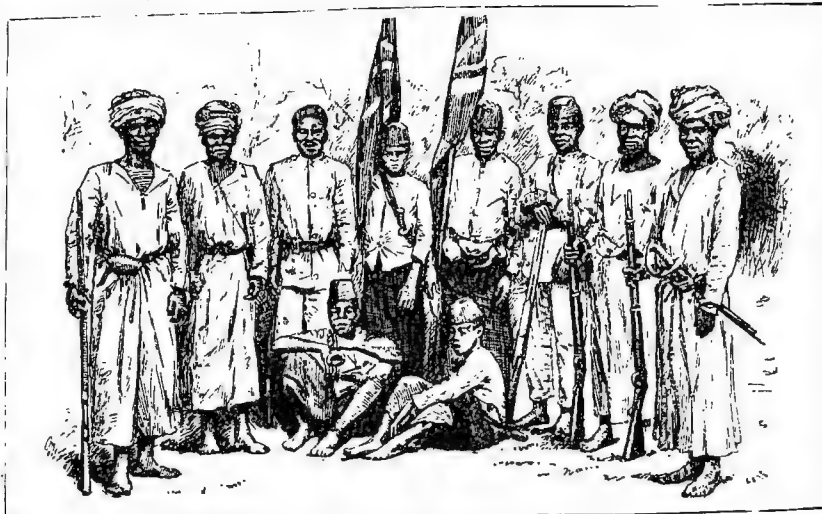
TEMPORARY QUARTERS OF H.M. CONSUL, NYASSA



A MISSIONARY GIVING LESSONS IN BREAD-MAKING, NYASSA



THE AFRICAN LAKES COMPANY'S HALTING STATION AT MBAME, ON THE ROUTE FROM KATUNGA'S TO MANDALA



CONSULAR GUARD AND SERVANTS



was attained. About four times as many sheep were kept in the orchard for the whole summer as simple grass would have fed, and cake and corn were given them. The experiment was kept up for four summers, at the end of which time the quantity of fruit produced was double what it had been, the quality also being greatly improved. Similar results were obtained in several other instances, and on a large scale. As the sheep are in each case reported to have paid for the food supplied to them, the enrichment of the orchards was effected free of cost.

**HORSES.**—There is a very great difference in the value of horses imported and those exported from this country. The average value of the former for 1888 was only 16*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.*, while that of the latter was 65*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* In 1887, the price of horses imported was about the same as in 1888, but the exported only averaged 58*l.* per head. Canada received the greatest number of the horses sent away, Belgium coming next, and Holland, the United States, and France following in the order given. It is not the order which opinion, without statistics, would have assigned, for most people would have put the United States first, and many persons believed that the Argentine Republic had assumed a very prominent position. Canada gave the highest prices, the average being 80*l.* a horse, and Belgium the lowest, paying only 40*l.*; France paid 75*l.* and the United States 56*l.* on the average.

### LEGAL

**THE PARNELLISM AND CRIME COMMISSION.**—The most important of the evidence given on Tuesday and Wednesday this week before the Commission was that of an ex-clerk in the Dublin office of the Land League, Patrick Farragher, and of an ex-Moonlighter from County Mayo, Dennis Tobin. Farragher stated that while Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. Sexton, Mr. Healy, and Mr. T. Harrington attended the meetings of the Executive of the League he was in the habit of taking letters, sometimes containing cheques, from Egan, its treasurer, to one Mullett, a publican and a convicted invincible. Tobin, on the other hand, alleged that the gang of Moonlighters to which he belonged, and which he described as carefully-organised, were all of them members of the National League, and received their raiding and other orders from one of its local branches. In the course of the two days' proceedings, which were very varied, the Attorney-General read a number of letters, some of which purported to be written by Egan and by Mr. Campbell, M.P., Mr. Parnell's private secretary; their production being intended to establish a direct connection between officials of the League and persons known to be implicated in crime.

**THE ACTION FOR LIBEL, Mercier v. Dalziel,** after occupying Mr. Baron Pollock and a Special Jury for nearly a week, was concluded on Wednesday. The plaintiff is the Secretary of St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin in Leicester Square, and the defendant, a Governor of that Hospital, is proprietor of *Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday*. The alleged libel appeared in this publication, and was represented by the plaintiff as charging him with misappropriation of the funds of the Hospital. The defendant denied that the words complained of were defamatory, and maintained that, otherwise, they were true in substance and in fact. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 300*l.*

**LORD CHIEF JUSTICE FRY** has been delivering at Toynbee Hall an instructive lecture on the history and value of the venerable literary monument commonly known as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. He considered the MS. of the Chronicle now in the possession of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to be the most interesting of any, and to have been written at the monastery at Winchester. He adduced several facts in support of the theory that the beginning of

this MS. of the Chronicle had been made in Alfred's reign, and that Alfred was the cause of its being written, adding that the entries during the life of that great King seemed exactly to agree in character with what one would expect from Alfred himself.

**ONE OF THOSE CAUSE-AND-EFFECT CONTROVERSIES** which occasionally crop up in courts of law arose out of the wording of the policy of a Railway Passengers' Insurance Company, which made it payable if the holder, having sustained an injury, "should die from the effects of such injury." A passenger, by a fall at a railway station, dislocated his shoulder, and, it seems, was consequently unable to wear his usual, or any warm, clothing. The injury also made him abnormally susceptible to cold; and, having caught cold, he died of pneumonia. The company resisted the claim of the executors to payment of the policy, on the ground that his death was not immediately or directly caused by the accident; but the Court decided that they were liable.

How the "demeanour" of a witness may affect his credibility was mooted in a case before the Queen's Bench Division. A husband, after treating her cruelly, had deserted his wife, who accordingly applied to a Bench of Magistrates at Durham for a maintenance order. The husband appeared before them, and asserted that he was willing to take his wife back, but his demeanour satisfied them that he had no such intention; or that, if he had, it was to maltreat her; and they made the order. The decision of the magistrates having come for review before the Court above, the objection, among others, was raised that they had no right to draw the inference which they had drawn from his demeanour. The Court held that the demeanour of a witness was material in estimating the worth of his evidence, and that the magistrates had a right to deduce from it what they pleased.

### CUP PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL GOLF CLUB BY THE PRINCE OF WALES

THIS Cup has been presented by the Prince of Wales to the Royal Cromer Golf Club, of which the Prince is Patron. It is to remain the

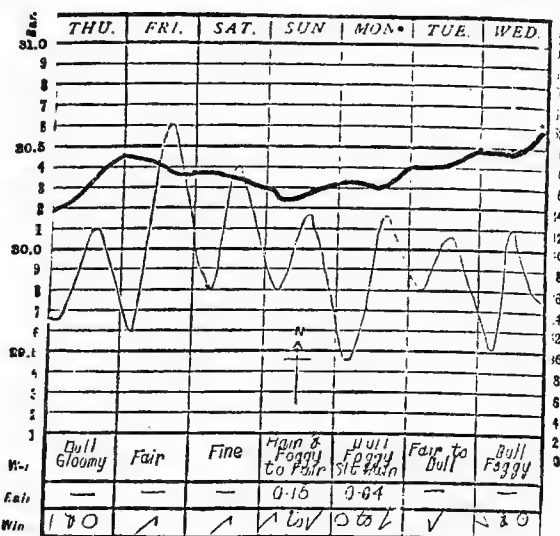


permanent property of the Club, and is to be held for twelve months only by successive winners. The Cup is a very beautiful piece of

workmanship in silver, and of considerable value. It is handsomely chased, the decorations being of the Corinthian Order, and is mounted on a pedestal of black polished mahogany. The whole is enclosed in an oak casket. The Royal Cromer Golf Club is presided over by Lord Suffield.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. Mace Brothers.

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1889.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (23rd inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather of the past week has again been exceedingly dull in all parts of the United Kingdom, with fog or mist locally, and a little rain from day to day in most places. During the first three days the lowest pressures were shown over the North of our Islands and in Scandinavia, while areas of high readings existed in the far East, over France and Germany, and off our extreme South-West Coasts. Moderate to fresh South-Westerly breezes were experienced at first, but in the course of Friday (18th inst.) the wind veered to the Westward, and freshened in the North to the strength of a heavy gale. Very dull, rainy weather prevailed in most places until Saturday (19th inst.), when the sky cleared over the greater part of the country, and fine, mild conditions were felt for a time. By Sunday (20th inst.), the barometer had risen briskly over the North of our Islands, and the highest readings were now found over the West of Ireland. The steep gradients for Westerly or North-Westerly winds had now become slight, for Northerly airs and dull weather again set in with slight rain and local mists in most places. During the remainder of the week no material change occurred in the distribution of pressure, the direction and force of the wind, or the weather, but sharp ground frosts were felt over the Central portions of England. Temperature has been above the average in nearly all places. The highest values, which were recorded very generally on Friday, varied from 50° in the South to 58° in the North, while the lowest (by the protected thermometer, which occurred after the middle of the period) showed a few degrees of frost over the inland parts of England.

The barometer was highest (30.56 inches) on Tuesday (22nd inst.); lowest 30.18 inches on Thursday (17th inst.); range 0.38 inch.

The temperature was highest (52°) on Friday (18th inst.); lowest (29°) on Monday (21st inst.); range 23°.

Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.19 inch. Greatest fall on one day 0.15 inch on Sunday (20th inst.).

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"Yours most truly,

ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

**THE ATLAS MOUNTAINS (MOROCCO), NORTHERN AFRICA.**—Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne, in a letter from the Atlas Mountains, says:—"The Kaid of Demnet treated us so well that we desired, on leaving, to make him some acknowledgment, and presented him with a box of Huntley and Palmer's biscuits and a bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' with which he was much pleased."—*The World*, Sept. 12, 1888.

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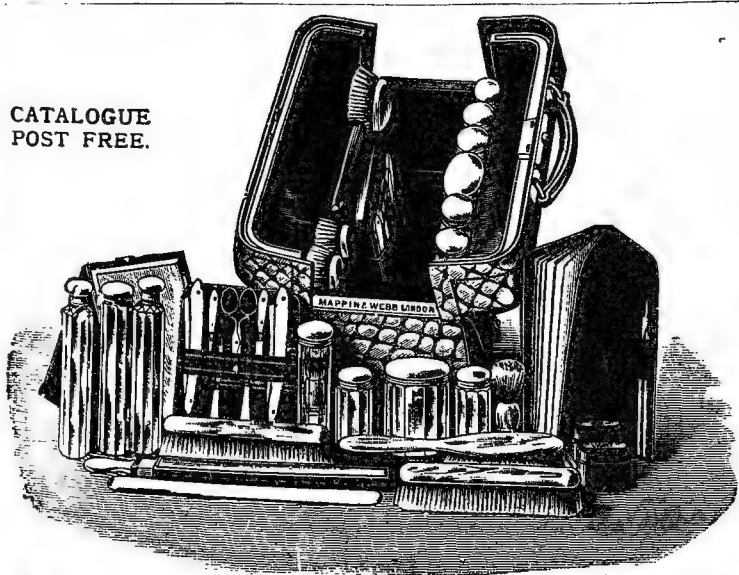
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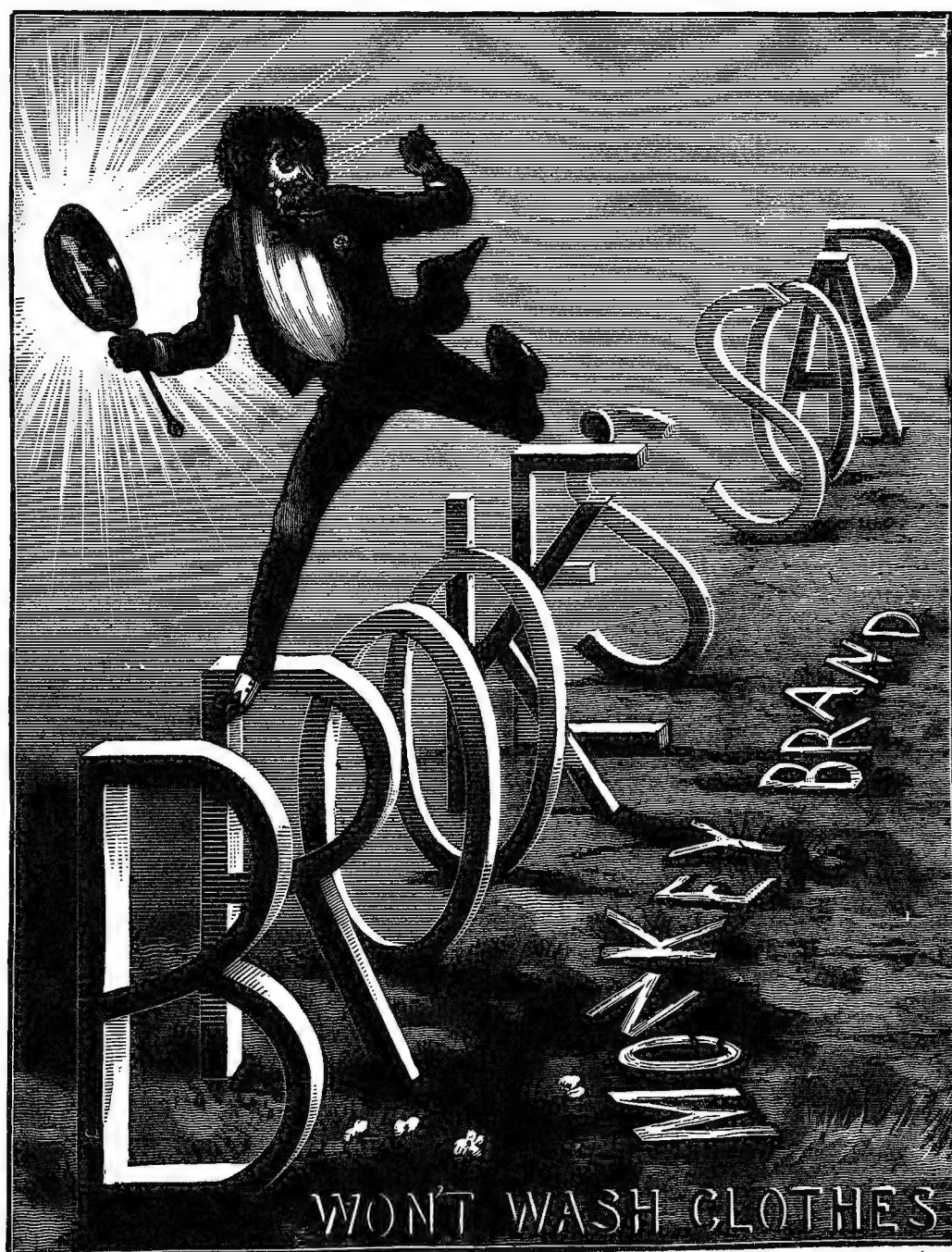
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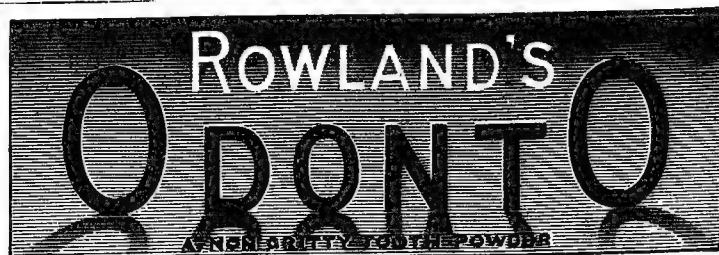
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ance with her creed was strictly confined to "The Arabian Nights" and "The Revolt of Islam;" but it gave him a little shock of surprise and horror to hear any one, and especially a woman, so indignantly repel the imputation of Christianity. Yet a moment's reflection served to show him, though by no means a philosophically-minded or cosmopolitan young man, that in such surroundings nothing else would have been natural, or even possible. Meriem, no doubt, had never heard Christians spoken of before except with the profoundest scorn and detestation of the Faithful. It hardly even occurred to her simple mind that her hearer himself, infidel as he was, could think seriously well of them, or regard them as the equals of true believers.

He turned the conversation, accordingly, of set purpose. "You all looked so pretty," he said, "as I came along the path, bending over your jars and modelling your pottery, that I was longing in my heart to stand still and study you. I wanted to sketch you all just as you stood there."

"To what?" Meriem cried, with a little start of dismay; an unknown word encloses for a woman such infinite possibilities.

"To sketch you, you know," Blake repeated, reassuringly. "To put you in my book like this, you see. To make a little picture of you."

Meriem laughed, a sweet, frank laugh, as she turned the pages of his book with wondering eyes. "That would be nice," she said. "They're pretty things, these. But would it be *right*, I wonder? All good Moslems are forbidden, you know, by the Prophet's law, to make a picture or image of anything in heaven or earth or the water under them. There are no pictures anywhere in any of the mosques. Would the Marabouts think it was right for us to be painted?"

"But I'm not a Moslem, you see," Blake replied, smiling, with ready professional casuistry. "And all that you've got to do yourselves, you know, is just to stand leaning as you were over your pottery, and allow me to commit the sin of sketching you on my own account. It won't hurt *me*: I'm a hardened offender. Ask the other girls, there's a good soul, whether they'll come back as they were and let me sketch them."

"And are the other girls to be put in the picture, too?" Meriem asked, looking up, with a faint undertone of disapprobation.

"Certainly," Blake replied, without perceiving the slight inflection of disappointment in her voice. "Now go, there's a good girl, and make them come back and stand nicely as I tell them."

"My father used to say that, 'Now go, there's a good girl,'" Meriem answered, with a faint rising flush of pleasure; and pleased at the word, she went off at once to do as he directed her. He had stirred an old chord in her simple nature.

In half-a-dozen minutes Blake had got two sitters, with a little coaxing and manual posing, which they seemed to resent far less than European girls would have done under the circumstances, into tolerable order for his proposed study. At first, to be sure, he had no little difficulty in getting them to keep for five seconds together to one posture or attitude. They seemed to think it a matter of supreme indifference whether a face begun at one angle should be continued at the same or a totally unlike one. But with some small trouble, by Meriem's aid, and with the magnificent promise of untold wealth in the shape of a silver half-franc, a piece visibly dangled before their astonished eyes, he succeeded at last in inducing each girl to maintain something like a consistent attitude, at least while he was engaged upon his first rough sketch of her own particular face and figure. The guileless damsels, dazzled at the prospect of such unexpected wealth, would have sat there all day as still as mice for so magnificent a payment; but at the end of an hour or two, Blake dismissed them all with mutual satisfaction to their various homes, and prepared himself to return in excellent spirits to the tent with his prize for luncheon. "That ought to fetch them," he murmured to himself, as he surveyed his own dainty and unaffected sketch with parental partiality. "Now, Meriem, you've done more for me to-day than all the rest of them put together. You must have a whole franc yourself for your share in the proceedings." And he held that vast store of potential enjoyment, proffered in a single shining coin, between his delicate thumb and opposing forefinger.

Meriem had never possessed so much money in her life before; but she drew her hand back from him with a startled gesture, and held it like a child behind her back with an unsophisticated expression of offended dignity. "Oh, no," she answered, blushing crimson to the neck; "I could never take that. Please don't ask me again. I'm glad if I was able to help you with your picture. Though of course it was wrong of us to let you draw us."

Blake saw at a glance that she really meant it, and with the innate courtesy of a gentleman refrained at once from pressing the obnoxious coin any further upon the girl's unwilling notice. He replaced the franc quietly in his waistcoat pocket, and said as he did so, in an unconcerned voice, to turn the current of both their thoughts, "I suppose the other girls will go off with their money to get themselves something at the shops in the village."

"At the what?" Meriem asked, with a look of bewilderment.

"At the shops," Blake answered, in a jaunty tone. "I suppose you've got shops of some sort or other in this benighted country."

"I don't know what you mean," Meriem answered, shaking her head vigorously. "I never heard of them. Shops, did you say? I don't think we've got any—unless it's cakes; but if I only knew exactly what you meant, and could say it in Kabyle, I'd ask my uncle."

Blake laughed a laugh of unaffected amusement. It seemed so odd to be talking to somebody in his own tongue—and so familiarly, too—who had never even so much as heard what sort of thing a shop was. "Why, where do you buy things?" he asked, curiously. "Where do you get the food and utensils, and so on, that you're in want of?"

"We make them, or grow them mostly, of course," Meriem answered, quickly (everything, it seemed, was "of course" to Meriem, because her experience had all been so limited, and so uncontradicted); "but when we want to buy anything from other tribes, we go down and get them with money at the markets. Or, sometimes we exchange a goat or a chicken. There's a market one day of the week, but I don't remember its English name—the day after Friday—here with us at Beni-Merzoug; and there are others on other days at neighbouring villages, sometimes one and sometimes another. And that's where we always go to buy things."

Blake smiled to himself a smile of amused superiority. To think that Le Marchant should have talked seriously, from a marrying point of view, about a girl who had never even heard of shopping! And yet in more civilised European climes many a good man would be heartily glad to find himself a wife on whose innocent mind—but on second thoughts I refrain from making any nasty reflections.

He shut up his sketch-book, and rose to leave. Meriem looked after him with a look of regret. How wonderful that a man should be able to make pictures like that! They seemed to live and breathe, she fancied. She had hardly ever seen a picture at all before, except a few coarse French lithographs brought by the villagers at Tizi-Ouzou. But she had never been as far as Tizi-Ouzou even, herself. Her narrow little experience was bounded hard and fast by her own mountain peak, and its adjacent valleys.

And how beautiful he looked when he turned and smiled at her!

But Blake went away and thought of nothing. He showed his sketch to Le Marchant in high spirits when he reached the tent. Le Marchant's face fell as he looked at it. "So you've been drawing

Meriem!" he said. "You've found her out already! A very pretty picture. You ought to work it up into something very good! It's lifelike, and therefore of course it's beautiful. . . . But you've been with Meriem all the morning, while I've been unpacking my goods and chattels. I wondered she hadn't been up here before to visit us."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### NO SOUL

FOR the next week or so the two young Englishmen were busy enough hunting and sketching all day long among the fresh ground they had thus successfully broken for themselves in the North African Highlands. Le Marchant spent much of his time up among the jagged peaks and bare rocks of the mountains, happy enough if he returned at night with a specimen of "that rare and local bird, the Algerian titmouse," or with a snail as big as a pin's head, "a perfect treasure, you know, my dear fellow, hitherto only known to science in the mountains of Calabria and in the Albanian Highlands." Zeal for his great work on "Structure and Function" had swallowed him up, and gave zest and importance to the minutest find in beetles or gadflies.

Blake, on the other hand, loitered much more around the precincts of the village itself and the cultivated plots that hung along the narrow ledges of the hillside; for his quarry was man, and he loved to drink his fill of that idyllic life, so purely Arcadian in its surviving simplicity, that displayed itself with such charming frankness and unconcern before his observant eyes each sunny morning. It was the artist's Greece revived for his behoof; the Italy of the Georgics in real life again. The labourer leaning hard on his wooden plough, the yoke of mountain oxen that tugged it through the ground, the women at the well with their coarse hand-made jars, the old men chatting under the shade of the ash-trees beside the tiny mosque, all afforded him subjects for innumerable studies. He beheld before his face a Virgilian eclogue for ever renewing itself; and the young painter, who had never read his Eclogues in the Latin at all, could appreciate whatever was most vivid and picturesque in the life of these simple idyllic mountaineers with an eye as keen in its way as Virgil's own had been.

Meriem, too, often came up in the evenings to the tent in her capacity as interpreter; and Le Marchant, who could see and admire strong traits of character wherever he found them, soon learnt to read in the Kabyle-bred girl, with her open mind and serene intelligence, many marks of fine and sterling qualities. But he could gather little further by all his inquiries about the mystery of her origin. All that Meriem herself could tell him of her parentage was simply this—Yusuf had a French name as well as an English, and a Kabyle one; and if his French name had ever leaked out, the people at Fort National would have taken him and shot him. Le Marchant, indeed, was just at first inclined to consider the beautiful girl's father was a runaway convict!

Inquiries directed through Meriem's mouth to her uncle the Amine were met in a distinctly reserved spirit. It seemed as though the old Kabyle was afraid even now of betraying the dead man's secret—if indeed he had one, or if the Amine knew it. Perhaps these English might be in league with the infidel French after all, and might be plotting harm against himself and his tribesmen—else why should they thus minutely inquire about the girl's antecedents? A mere girl; why bother their heads with her? Yusuf was dead; let him sleep in peace where good Moslems had laid him. All that the Amine could or would tell them amounted in the end simply to this—that Meriem's father had come to them as a guest after a great battle in a local insurrection (one of those petty risings, no doubt, in which the tribes of Kabyle are for ever striving to reassert their independence of French authority); that he was a good man, who loved the Kabyles; that he wore the native dress, and lived as the tribe lived; that he was a faithful Moslem, and a clever hunter, considerations apparently of equal importance in the eyes of the villagers; that he had married the Amine's sister, Meriem's mother, long since dead, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Kabyle people; and that he had died by falling over a ledge of rock three years back, while wandering by himself under unexplained circumstances among the high mountains. So much the Amine, bit by bit, suspiciously admitted. With that scanty information, no more being forthcoming, Le Marchant for the present was forced to content himself.

Blake, on the other hand, with his more easy-going and pleasure-loving artistic temperament, troubled himself little about all these things. Gallio that he was, it sufficed him to sit in the shade of the chestnuts and paint Meriem as the foreground figure in almost all his pictures rather than to indulge in otiose speculations as to her possible ancestry and problematical parentage. "She's a first-rate model," he said, "whoever her father may be. King Cophetua's beggar-maid could never have been lovelier." And that contented him. He wanted only to find physical beauty. So he got to work soon on studies for a large canvas, with Meriem in the centre, her water-jar poised with queenly grace upon her stately head; and he was well satisfied to sketch in her shapely chin and throat without any remote genealogical inquiries to distract his mind from the exquisite curve of her neck and shoulders.

"But if you're going to give me regular sittings, Meriem," he said to her seriously one morning under the chestnuts, venturing to broach once more the tabooed subject, "you must really let me pay you so much a day, because I shall want you, of course, for so many hours every morning regularly, and it'll take you away altogether at times from your household duties."

"My aunt can do those," Meriem answered quietly, shaking her head. "I like to sit for you; it gives me pleasure. I like to see these beautiful pictures growing up so curiously under your hands; it's almost like magic."

"Thank you," the Englishman answered. "That's very kind of you. Praise from your lips, Meriem, is worth a great deal to me."

He said it lightly, with a smile and a bow, as a commonplace of politeness, for to him the words meant very little. But to Meriem, who had never heard women treated with ordinary Western chivalry before, they were full of profound and delicious meaning; they struck some unknown heart-string deep down in her being. She blushed up to her eyes (a good moment for a painter; Blake seized it gratefully), and then relapsed for a while into joyful silence.

"Yes, yes! just so!" Blake cried, stopping her on a sudden, with both his hands uplifted in warning, as she fell naturally into one of her easy, graceful Hellenic attitudes. "That's just how I want you; don't move a muscle—you're beautiful that way. It shows off your arm and head and the pose of your neck to such absolute perfection. You're prettier than ever like that, I declare, Meriem."

Meriem, all conscious of herself for the first time in her life, stood as he directed her, without moving a line. She could have stood there for ever, indeed, with Blake to paint her.

The artist went on without noticing her emotion.

"Don't let my uncle know," she said, after a short pause, with some slight embarrassment, and hesitating as she spoke, "that you offered—that you wanted—to give me money for sitting."

"I won't," Blake answered, laughing; "I can promise you that. With my present knowledge of his language, indeed, I should find it difficult." He played with his brush—dab, dab, on the canvas. "But why not, Meriem?"

The girl blushed again. "Because—he would take it," she answered simply.

Blake smiled and nodded, but said nothing. They were standing outside the village on the open space in front of the tiny whitewashed mosque, and men and women came past frequently, and paused to look, with clicks of surprise or interest or approbation, at the portrait on the easel, as Blake sat and painted it. Presently, a young Kabyle of handsome form and well-made features came up in his turn, and looked, like the others; then he turned round sharply, and spoke for a while, with a somewhat earnest air, to Meriem; and, as Blake imagined, there was audible in his tone some undercurrent of imperious and angry expostulation.

"Who's that?" the Englishman asked, looking up with a quick glance from his seat on the rock as the Kabyle turned on his heel and retired, half-haughtily.

"That's Ahmed," Meriem answered, in the same "of course" style of conversation as usual, as if everybody must needs know all her fellow-villagers.

"And who's Ahmed?" the painter went on, still working steadily at the flesh-tints of the shoulder.

"The man who's going to marry me," Meriem answered, in just as quiet and matter-of-fact a voice as that in which she would have told him the price of spring chickens.

Blake started back in almost speechless surprise.

"That man marry you!" he cried, with a toss of his handsome head. "Why, he's nothing but a common Kabyle mule-driver. What impudence! What presumption! And do you love him, Meriem?"

"No," Meriem answered, in the same calm and downright voice, without the slightest attempt at concealing her feelings in that particular.

"Then why on earth are you going to marry him?" Blake asked, astonished.

"Because my uncle has agreed to sell me to him," Meriem said, simply. "As soon as Ahmed's earned money enough to buy me, my uncle's going to let him have me cheap. Perhaps Ahmed'll have saved enough by the next olive harvest. He's offered my uncle a very fair price: he's going to give him a patch of land and two hundred francs for me."

Blake was genuinely shocked and surprised at this painful disclosure. In spite of his contempt for barbaric women, he felt instinctively already that Meriem was far too much of an English girl at heart to be bought and sold like a sheep or a chattel. He explained to her, briefly, in simple words, that in England such means of arranging marriages were not openly countenanced by either law or custom; indeed, with a generous disregard of plain facts—allowable, perhaps, under the peculiar circumstances—he avoided all reference to settlements or jointures, and boldly averred, with pardonable poetic licence, that Englishwomen always bestowed their hearts and hands on the man of their choice who seemed to them most worthy of their young affections.

"That's a beautiful way," Meriem murmured, reflectively, after the handsome painter had dilated with enthusiasm for a few minutes on the purity and nobility of our English marriage system. "That's a lovely way. I should like that ever so much. I wish for some things I had been born in England. Although you're all infidels, you have some good ways there. But here, in Kabyle, of course, I must follow in all things the Kabyle custom."

"So you mean to obey, and to marry Ahmed?" Blake asked, half shocked, but continuing to work at the elbow and forearm.

"What else can I do?" Meriem asked, looking up with a quiet sigh. "I can't refuse to go where my uncle bids me."

"But how can you find it in your soul—" Blake began, half indignantly.

"I've got no soul," Meriem interrupted, in a perfectly serious voice. "We Mussulman women are born without any."

"Well, soul or no soul, wouldn't you much prefer," Blake went on with fire, warming up to his subject, "instead of marrying that fellow with the mules, who'll probably abuse you, and overwork you, and beat you, and ill-treat you, to marry some Englishman with a heart and a head, who'd love you well, and be proud of your beauty, and delight in decking you out in becoming dress, and be to you a friend, and a shield, and a lover, and a protector?"

A bright light burned for a moment like flame in Meriem's eyes; then she cast them down to the ground, and her bosom heaved, as she answered slowly in a very low voice, "No Kabyle ever spoke to a woman like that. They don't know how. It's not in their language. But Yusuf used to speak to me often that way. And he loved my mother, and was, oh, so kind to her, till the day she died. I think you English, infidels as you are, must be in some ways a blessed people; so different from the French—the French are wicked. It's a pity the English aren't true believers."

Her heart was beating visibly through her robe now. Blake felt he had said a little too much, perhaps, for he meant nothing more than the merest flirtation; so he turned the subject with a careless smile to the get-up of the picture. "I'm going on to your hand and wrist next, Meriem," he said, with a wave, rising up to pose her fingers exactly as he wanted them. "Look here, this locket round your neck's in the way. Couldn't you take it off? It spoils the natural folds of your drapery, and incommodes the hand so."

It was a small square charm, in shape like a tiny box or book, made of coarse silver work, inlaid with enamel, and relieved by bosses of lapis-lazuli, and other cheap stones, such as all Kabyle women wear as an amulet hung round their necks to protect them from the evil eye, and other misfortunes. "With coral clasps and amber studs," Blake murmured to himself, as he looked at it closely. He laid his hand upon it with a gesture of apology, and a "Will you permit me, Meriem?"—meaning to remove it by passing the chain over her head and kaftan. But the girl, with a sudden convulsive effort of both her hands, clasped it hard and tight to her bosom. "Oh, no," she cried, "not that, not that, please! You must never take *that*. I couldn't possibly allow you. You mustn't even touch it. It's very precious. You must keep your hands off it."

"Is it something, then, so absolutely sacred?" Blake asked, half laughingly, and suspecting some curious Mahomedan superstition.

"Yes, more than sacred," Meriem answered low. "It was Yusuf who hung it there when he was going away, and he told me often, with tears in his eyes, never to let anybody lay hands upon it anywhere. And nobody ever shall, till I die with it on my neck. For Yusuf's sake it shall always hang there. When I've borne a son"—she said it so simply that Blake hardly noticed the unconventional phrase—"the Kabyle custom is to wear the charm, for an honour, on the forehead. But I shall never move mine from my neck at all, though the women may laugh at me. I shall wear it for ever where my father hung it."

The painter, abashed, held his peace at once, and asked her no more. He saw she felt too deeply on the subject to make it either wise or kind for him to interfere with her feeling.

That evening at the tent, as he sat with Le Marchant, stuffing birds and pinning out butterflies, Meriem came up with a message from the Amine about some domestic trifle of milk supply or goat-mutton. Le Marchant was glad to see her, too, for he wanted to ask her a favour for himself. Perhaps he was jealous that his handsome lodger should monopolise so large a portion of the beautiful Kabyle girl's time and attention; perhaps, being by nature of a studious turn, he was genuinely anxious to make the best of his linguistic opportunities. At any rate, he wanted to inquire of



Meriem whether she would give him lessons in the evening in the Kabyle language. Meriem laughed. She was perfectly ready to do her best, she said, provided always the lessons were given with all publicity on the platform outside the Amine's cottage.

"For our Kabyle men," she added, with her transparent simplicity, "are very jealous, you know—very, very jealous. They would never allow me to come here to teach you. If I came without leave, they would stick knives into me."

"And may I learn too?" the painter asked, with his sunny smile.

"Yes, Blake, certainly," Meriem answered at once, with natural politeness.

Both the men laughed. From that stately and beautiful girl's lips the mannish colloquialism sounded irresistibly funny.

"You mustn't say 'Blake,'" the painter exclaimed, in answer to Meriem's startled look of mute inquiry at their unexpected merriment.

"But Le Marchant always calls you Blake," Meriem objected, much puzzled. "In England, don't people think it right for women to call men by their own names, then?"

"Well, not by their surnames alone; it doesn't sound nice. They generally put a Mr. before them. But if you like," Blake went on with audacious ease, for he was far from shy before the poor Kabyle girl, "you may call me Vernon. That's my Christian name; and that's how Englishwomen always call a man they know well and really care for."

"I really care for you, Vernon; I like you very much," Meriem said, straightforwardly.

"In that case, I too shall claim the same privilege of friendship, and ask you to call me plain Eustace," Le Marchant put in, with gentle solicitude.

"Very well, Plain Eustace," Meriem answered, in her innocence, taking the name in good faith as a single compound one.

The laughter that met this unintentional sally was so very contagious, that Meriem herself joined in it heartily, though it was some minutes before she could be made fully to understand the intricate mysteries of European nomenclature.

When she had left the tent, that night, her errand finished, Le Marchant turned round to his easy-going travelling companion with much earnestness in his quiet eye. "Blake," he said, seriously, "I hope you're not trying to make that poor girl fall in love with you."

"I'm not doing anything to make her fall in love," Blake answered, evasively; "but she's never met anybody who treated her decently in her life before, and I suppose she can't help perceiving the . . . well, you know, the difference between you or me, for example, and these ignorant Kabyle fellows."

"Blake, you must surely see for yourself that in feeling and in intellect the girl's more than half an Englishwoman. If you win her heart, and then go away and leave her without a word to this man you say her uncle's sold her to, you'll murder her as truly as if, like the Kabyles, you stuck a knife into her."

Blake shuffled about uneasily on his camp-stool. "She can't be such a fool as to think I should ever dream of marrying her," he replied, with a half-averted face.

Le Marchant looked across at him with mild eyes of wonder. "At any rate, Blake," he said, in a very solemn warning voice, "don't engage her affections and then desert her. She may be a Kabyle in outward dress; but to do that would be as cruel a deed as ever you could do to one of those educated English ladies you think so much about. Of one blood—all the nations of the earth. Hearts are hearts the whole world over."

Blake was silent, and threw back his head carelessly to inspect the sketch he was busily cooking.

(To be continued)



THERE could be no possible question of the authorship of "In Far Lochaber" (3 vols: Sampson Low and Co.), were not the name of William Black upon the title-page. It contains all his familiar mannerisms, and what is more to the purpose, all his familiar merits besides—those pictures of Highland scenery, in which he seems like a lover describing a changeful yet ever charming mistress, mingled with human emotions which never run too deeply for sympathy and pleasure. To a certain extent "In Far Lochaber" is the converse of "A Daughter of Heth," its heroine, Alison Blair, being a shy, demure, and strictly-brought-up daughter of a fanatical Free Kirk minister in a hideous manufacturing town, suddenly brought into a very charming Highland household, with open hearts and open minds. That she, her father being still living, unwittingly falls in love with a young Roman Catholic chieftain, gives rise to complications the characters of which may be imagined. The minister might have belonged to the days of Bothwell Brigg in his narrow and tyrannical creed, and his sour disregard of human affection—even of his own for his child. How Alison wins through her troubles is worth following her through them to learn. Most of the portraits are admirable in themselves, and form admirable contrasts: on the one hand Alison's father and mystically-minded sister, and the Cowan family; on the other hand the old Highland gentleman, Macdonell of Oyre, and his surroundings. But the best of all are that incarnation of shrewdness, superstition, laziness, mischievousness, and loyalty, the lad Johnny; and that noblest-tempered, warmest-hearted, most obstinate, quaintest, and most delightful of old ladies, Aunt Jane, with whom nobody could live without quarrelling, and loving her the better for every quarrel. There is plenty of variety in the novel, which is always amusing, and often something better.

"The Dalbroom Folks," by the Rev. J. Smith, M.A., B.D. (2 vols.: Alexander Gardner), naturally follows Mr. Black's novel in dealing with people who are more, or less, at home in the religious life of Scotland. And we infinitely prefer the atmosphere depicted by Mr. Black, with something heroic about its very narrowness and bigotry, to the dull vulgarity which constitutes the monotonous colouring of Mr. Smith's two terribly tedious volumes. We are fain to hope that the folks of Dalbroom are portrayed only to be gibbeted; and if Mr. Smith has ever known any such people intimately enough to describe them accurately, we can only pity him. And he must have done so; for no cultivated mind could have invented for itself such a flock of more than half-idiotic bores, utterly indistinguishable from one another, with no ideas in them except that of sex, and no use for speech except to chaff one another in a lubberly manner about "him" or "her." Of how to make a novel or character interesting to any conceivable creature, Mr. Smith does not seem to have the most elementary notion: and for this serious shortcoming it is to be feared that the hopelessness of his subject is not alone to blame.

S. M. Crawley-Boevey's "Beyond Cloudland" (2 vols.: Alexander Gardner) will suggest to the reader nothing so much as the "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Joyce's Scientific Dialogues" in chemical combination. It is a serious book, with a preface, in which persons without imagination, scoffers, sceptics, and persons who dislike speculating on the spirit's existence after parting from the body, are solemnly warned off from following the authoress in her visits to the planetary and stellar worlds; indeed, the whole tone of the

preface, as touching upon personal loss, goes far to disarm criticism. Yet it must be said that, although we are not conscious of inclusion in any of the warned-off categories, we have found following her a hard matter. There is surely no comfort in imagining that Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn are going to concerts in the planet Venus arm-in-arm, the former still in the wig which he wore on earth; or, for that matter, in fancying that other worlds in general are just as narrow and muddle-headed as our own. If fancy is really to comfort, it must take higher ground than S. M. Crawley-Boevey; the faculty which may create what it will is false to its own powers if it stops short of the best and highest. In short, we regret to say that "Beyond Cloudland" is imagination wasted, and is only saved from being called absurd nonsense by its obvious and, indeed, pathetic sincerity.

"A Moral Bigamist," by an anonymous author (1 vol.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.), deals with English life in India, and is apparently intended to show the dangers of that life to married women. The ordinary incidents of Anglo-Indian existence are naturally and faithfully, though certainly not brilliantly, described; we have, for example, the inevitable polo match, which in this instance brings about a *dénouement* under exceptional difficulties, by bringing about a crisis and thus averting a matrimonial tragedy. The plot, as will have been surmised, is anything but agreeable; and, apparently by some wholesome law, disagreeable subjects of the matrimonial sort are seldom, if ever, made interesting by English pens. To this rule the author of "A Moral Bigamist" is no exception, even while his moral is irreproachable.

It is to be wished that the drift or moral were as easy to grasp in the case of "Saint Margaret," by William Tirebuck (1 vol.: Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo and Co.). The plot is religious and social; the style, tone, and treatment are those of a clever man who has not quite learned how to think, and of an earnest man who does not quite know what to be earnest about. If his work were more convincing, one would rise from it with two impressions—one, that no opinions are worth holding, that no efforts are of any use, and that nothing matters except domestic comfort; the other, that this is the very last impression which Mr. William Tirebuck intends to convey. The story is needlessly wild; it tells how a young lay-missioner wandered about in a philanthropic fog, discovered that a drunken hag, whom he brought to a better way of life, was his own mother and a supposed rival his half-brother; and finally married and settled with a girl from whom he had been parted by a number of misunderstandings a little more forced and trivial than is usual in such cases. The story cannot be called interesting; but want of interest is to some extent compensated by really clever passages which may be compared with lucid intervals, and which give promise that Mr. Tirebuck will do better work as soon as he finds out what he means.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

DR. FAHLBERG, the discoverer of saccharine—that wonderful product of coal-tar, which is said to have some hundred times the potency of sugar as a sweetening agent—has written to the Press to protest against the reports which have been circulated to the effect that the drug is far from being innocuous to the consumer. These reports arose, it will be remembered, in France, when a Commission spoke unfavourably of the new product, and Dr. Fahlberg traces them "to the fears of the French Sugar Industry, lest sugar should be displaced." He adds that no medical man outside France has ever publicly declared himself against the use of saccharine.

That peculiar and useful substance called celluloid (a compound of collodion and camphor), which has of late years been used for many purposes in which ivory was before employed, such as the manufacture of knife-handles, combs, and even billiard-balls, has lately come forward as a rival to glass for the needs of the photographer. The new material is nearly as transparent as glass, is light and flexible, and not brittle. It also has the great advantage over other previously-suggested substitutes for glass, in that water and most other liquids have no effect upon it. We have recently seen some photographic negatives on this new material, and they in no way differ from first-class negatives upon glass, except as already indicated. We may mention that most of the photo-mechanical processes for reproducing pictures depend, in the first instance, upon a reversed negative. The negatives obtained upon these thin sheets of celluloid can be printed from either side—and will thus serve as direct or reversed images. The only bar to the progress of the new material seems to be its cost—but demand will probably soon obviate this disadvantage. The prepared celluloid plates have been introduced by Mr. John Carbutt of Philadelphia.

We understand that it is finally decided to use electricity as the motive power on the subaqueous and subterranean railway which will presently connect the City with Stockwell. The engines, or motors, are to be of one hundred horse-power—and as they will breathe forth neither smoke nor sulphur-vapour, passengers will not run any risk of being stifled. Indeed, in the case of such fogs as we have recently experienced, those with delicate lungs will do well to descend into the tunnel in order to get fresh air.

The results of experiments which have recently been conducted in America with reference to the interesting question of liquid fuel *versus* coal for firing steam-boilers, go to prove that the new method is much more economical than the old. The saving is not so noticeable in the actual cost of the oil as against that of coal—although a slight saving is indicated even here. But the real economy of the process is found in the diminished cost of stoking. At the North Chicago rolling-mill, for instance, where oil-firing has been installed for some time, it has been found that one hundred and fifty gallons of crude oil will do the work formerly performed by one ton of coal. But whereas, under the old conditions, twenty-five men were required during the twenty-four hours to attend upon the boilers in use, only four men are needed during the same period under the oil-firing system.

On one of the French lines of railway a new appliance is under trial. It consists of a dial-plate in each compartment of the train, which bears the names of the different stations on the line, each name being brought into prominence as the train approaches the particular station in question. These dials are worked electrically from the guard's van. The adoption of such a system would certainly be welcomed by travellers on some of our metropolitan and suburban lines, where stations are all of the same pattern, and where the vocal organs of porters are so curiously constructed that they cannot properly pronounce the word which is most commonly on their lips. But on our trunk lines of railway, where stoppages are happily so few and far between, no such aid is necessary; nor is it desirable that the guard's attention should be called away to perform an office which each traveller should do for himself.

A Belgian paper gives some interesting statistics relative to the demand which is made upon forest trees to provide sleepers for railways. We are told that in France alone the six principal railway companies want a daily supply of more than 10,000 sleepers in order to keep their permanent ways really permanent. As a tree of average dimensions will only afford ten logs fit for the purpose, it follows that these French railways alone consume one thousand trees daily. The same authority tells us that the railways of the United States are far more greedy in their requirements, for they call for more than 15,000,000 sleepers annually. The supply for the whole railway world is put at more than 40,000,000.

An important contribution towards the solution of the smoke-abatement problem, which has troubled the minds of generations of

local authorities ever since London fogs came to be felt, is indicated by the "Hopcraft furnace." This new furnace, which takes its name from its inventor, Mr. Lewis Hopcraft, is so constructed that, unlike other furnaces, it does not consume its own smoke, but it burns without creating any. Nor is this its sole advantage, for it will consume that very small coal termed "slack" which to the amount of thousands of tons lies neglected in all coal-producing countries, and has hitherto been regarded almost as a waste product. The utilisation of this dust means a saving, we are told, of from forty to fifty per cent. in the cost of fuel. A further saving is found in the new furnace in the circumstance that it is fed with fuel automatically, the services of a boy being required, instead of that of a skilled stoker, whose only duty it is to see that the hoppers containing the coal dust are kept full of fuel. The Hopcraft furnace has recently been fitted to the Thames steamboat *Lotus*, and its advantages, in the directions already indicated, are so obvious that the steamboat company contemplate the fitting of their entire fleet in the same manner, hoping thereby to benefit their shareholders in no little degree.

For the past two winters a train of carriages running regularly between Glasgow and Carlisle has been fitted with a warming apparatus called the "Foulis Railway Carriage-Heater." The contrivance is of novel construction—for the ordinary railway lamp is the source of heat, the apparatus seizing hold of nearly all the heat available from that source, and conveying it to the lower part of the carriage. Its principal feature is a small circulating boiler placed above the lamp-flame, from which there proceeds a vertical pipe a few inches in length, which is crowned with a cup fitted with a valve. From this cup descend two tubes, which, passing behind the woodwork of the carriage, are brought beneath the seat—where they terminate in an annular cylinder, which forms the heating arrangement, and from which a constant current of warm air streams into the compartment. The action of the apparatus is as follows:—The water in the boiler when brought to boiling point, as it is at short intervals, is forced into the cup above, and from thence through one of the descending tubes to the heater beneath the seat of the carriage. In the mean time the cooled water is sent up the other tube to supply the boiler. By the use of this apparatus the waste heat from the lamp is made to do good service, and to maintain the general temperature of the carriage during the coldest weather at 54 degrees Fahr. The apparatus is automatic, and requires no attention, except the periodical addition of a little water to make up for that lost by evaporation, a duty which would naturally devolve upon the lamp-cleaner. This invention is being introduced by Messrs. Macree and Co., of Westminster Chambers.

T. C. H.



WHAT appears to be a very fair and impartial presentation of American life and activity is given by Mr. J. C. Firth in "Our Kin Across the Sea" (Longmans). Mr. J. A. Froude, who writes the preface, tells us that Mr. Firth is one of the oldest of the New Zealand colonists, and settled in the North Island of New Zealand between thirty and forty years ago. The historian writes in warm eulogy of the character and attainments of the author, and points out that though we have had impressions of the Great Republic from Englishmen, from Irishmen, from Frenchmen and Germans, we have not had before the impressions of a colonist. Mr. Firth's work is not only instructive in its survey of facts, but its comments are informed by good sense, taste, and judgment. While admitting that America is great, has done great things, and that he has seen much which is a grand testimony to American skill, enterprise, and genius, he yet ventures to express his opinion that Americans drink too much iced water; that their politicians are not quite as pure as they might be; that their railway system is a huge monopoly, under whose iron rule the people are helpless; that the hoop-iron table-knives they use, though well adapted for cutting butter, are not exactly suitable for cutting beef; that their laws are not always well administered; that they often neglect their political duties and abandon the field to charlatans and rogues; that Americans work too hard, disregard the laws of health, and the requirements of a healthy life.

Globe-trotting is a sufficiently common pursuit nowadays, but when it is done by a Duke, it must have features of special interest for many folk. Therefore a suitable welcome will be accorded to Mrs. Florence Caddy's "To Siam and Malaya: in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht *Sans Peur*" (Hurst and Blackett). The accounts given of Royalty in Bangkok and of the residence and dominions of the Sultan of Johore are well worth reading, as so great a British noble as the Duke of Sutherland had no need of a fairy "Open Sesame" to obtain an entry into the most closely guarded Oriental circles. Eastern princes are quite wideawake enough now to social exigencies to show becoming courtesy and geniality to a *Grand Seigneur* of the West. Here is Mrs. Caddy's description of King Chulalongkorn's chief wife:—"We ladies and the Duke of Sutherland were taken to another part of the Palace to be presented to the Queen, a charming little woman, dressed in black—she was in mourning for her children—wearing the panung (of black silk), which, like the men's costumes, is arranged so as to have an appearance of knee-breeches, showing her legs in open-worked black silk stockings to the knee. She has very small and pretty feet, and ankles. She wore the national form of a scarf across her shoulders, and several Orders on her black jacket, which was sewn with seed pearl. Her hair is cut short like a boy's, and she wears nothing on her head. It is a comical, yet piquant, costume. The Queen is not handsome in face, but dignified, and very pleasing in manner. I was captivated by her. Her Majesty does not understand English, so we spoke through an interpreter. She spoke gravely, I thought nervously, as if unaccustomed to such public speaking. She said she was gratified to receive a visitor of such distinction as the Duke of Sutherland. We backed out in proper form. What must she have thought of our voluminous trained skirts!" Mrs. Caddy spells "Duke" with a big D, and "King" with a small k, while, on the whole, the tone of her book is in keeping with this peculiarity.

It is but rarely that the Philistine reader's curiosity about Heat and Electricity is humoured with so much admirable lucidity as it is in "Gleanings in Science: A Series of Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects" (Macmillan), by Gerald Molloy, D.D., D.Sc., Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, sometime Fellow of the Royal University. The lectures here collected and printed were delivered before the Royal Dublin Society, which provides similar entertainments every year, for its members, and for the general public. Of great popular interest are his remarks about lightning, and notably his advice as to the best mode of proceeding for persons caught in a thunderstorm. "You ought not," says the lecturer, beginning with the commonplaces of ordinary knowledge, "to take shelter under a tree, or under a haystack, or under the lee of a house; you ought not to stand on the bank of a river, or close to a large sheet of water. If indoors, you ought not to stand near a fireplace, or near any of the flues or chimneys; you ought not to stand under a gasolier hanging from the ceiling; you ought not to





FIELD ARTILLERY IN WINTER  
TESTING A NEW PATTERN FIELDGUN SLEIGH AT THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ARTILLERY, QUEBEC, CANADA



remain close to the gas-pipes or water-pipes, or any large masses of metal, whether used in the construction of a building or lying loosely about." A short distance from a wood, or from the branches of a tall, solitary tree, is a very safe place. In the house, Dr. Molloy recommends the man who would be nearly safe to sit on one chair in the middle of the floor, with the feet on another. If the chairs have a feather-bed or a couple of mattresses under them, so much the better. The author gives plain, easily-followed reasons for all his *dicta*, and, pursuing this plan throughout, he gives us a very useful book.

M. Jules Degrégné has written "Londres: Croquis Réalistes" (Paris, Librairie Moderne). The author tells us that he started for his journey to England prepared to admire England, seeking amongst us examples and lessons. The reality was very different from his preconceptions, and his view of us is so distinctly unfavourable that it is hard to resist the suspicion that he has not been frank with us as to his previous prejudices. He was impressed pleasantly with nothing. We thought perhaps Westminster Abbey might have moved him; but he was disgusted with the crowd of statues, and seems to have preferred Madame Tussaud's, as being more eclectic. He ridicules our soldiers—indeed, libels everything that belongs to us. Our language is painful for Latin throats—"pénible pour le gosier des Latins;" it is more new to learn that it is so troublesome to ourselves that we scarcely understand each other. "I am inclined," he says, "to think that the reason why the English are so taciturn is, that their tongue causes them fatigue, and that they have much difficulty in becoming mutually intelligible. Neither their climate nor their temperament would explain else that silence of the tomb which reigns at London in all places, in the *cafés*, in the omnibuses, in the theatres, and even the houses, where they have never anything to relate nor impressions to share. On Sundays they play a great deal, and sometimes sing, but rarely talk. Even their flirtations are everywhere carried on by gesture and by letter." If an Englishman wrote similar stuff about Paris, he would hardly find a publisher here. But *le grand peuple* is evidently credulous of what any compatriot may write about its neighbours.

The author of "How to be Happy, though Married," has written a very interesting book "for girls and women," entitled "The Five Talents of Women" (Fisher Unwin). The author gives sound advice on a crowd of important matters, and sets off all he has to counsel with a wonderful fund of anecdote and illustration drawn from what must be a very wide and various reading. Here are two instances in point. "Why," asked a lady of an old judge, "why cannot a woman become a successful lawyer, I'd like to know?" "Because," said the judge, "she's too fond of giving her opinion without pay." "In a New Zealand cemetery," writes the author, "on a gravestone is to be found, with the name and age of the dead, the words, 'She was so pleasant!' What a delightful character she must have been to have an epitaph like that. It makes me think that a choir of nightingales is perched upon her grave, and singing melodious chants to her memory."

Miss Mary W. S. Hawkins has for some years been collecting information about the deeds of her ancestors, and the result is, "Plymouth Armada Heroes: The Hawkins Family, with Original Portraits, Coats of Arms, and other Illustrations" (William Brandon). It contains a great deal of useful lore about the two William Hawkinses and about Sir John, and there is a full account of the Armada. It is a monograph of the great event of 1538 which will be appreciated by patriotic Britons.

Mr. Alexander Balmain Bruce writes a useful biography of a man who worked with much loftiness of purpose and success in the business world. It treats of the career of "William Denny, Ship-builder, Dumbarton" (Hodder and Stoughton). The book contains interesting information as to Mr. Denny's conflicts with the authorities at Lloyd's Register, and also about the Load-Line Question. The subject of this memoir appears to have combined great general intelligence with amiability of character, and therefore the narrative of his life should be not unprofitable reading.

Mr. Rennell Rodd writes "Frederick: Crown Prince and Emperor: A Biographical Sketch Dedicated to His Memory" (David Stott). This interesting volume is prefaced by an introductory letter to the author from Her Majesty the Empress Frederick, who says "As you knew him in sunny days when he was the picture of life and health, as well as in the last sad year, when that life was overshadowed by sickness, I thought none would be better able than you to undertake the task of writing a short biography suitable for popular reading, which may make his name better known to the English public, and give him a place in their affections beside that of my father, for whom he had so great a love, admiration, and veneration, and with whose views and aims he so truly sympathised." Under these circumstances the neat volume before us will have special value for the admirers—and they are numberless—of the late Emperor of Germany.

"Letters from Majorca" (Bentley), by Mr. Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S., will be all the more welcome as they treat of tolerably unfamiliar ground. Mr. Wood was greatly pleased with the people—the "Mallorcans," as they call themselves, with the architecture—some of it very striking and imposing—and with the scenery. He succeeds admirably in conveying the bright and cheerful atmosphere of his southern surroundings, and many folk will doubtless be tempted by the letterpress and illustrations to visit for themselves Palma, Arta, and the other abodes of an interesting insular people. "Letters from Majorca" is a light and agreeable addition to readable travel-literature, a fact known to those who may have read these letters in the pages of the *Argosy*. The book is well illustrated by Mr. H. C. Brewer.—There are also before us "Decorative Composition" (Virtue), by M. Henri Mayeux, translated by Mr. J. Goring; "The Floating Island in Derwentwater: Its History and Mystery" (E. Stanford), by Mr. G. J. Symonds, F.R.S.; "A Guide to Trinidad" (Elliot Stock), by Mr. T. H. Collins; and, admirably adapted for the drawing-room table, "Pen and Ink Notes of the Glasgow Exhibition" (Virtue), a series of illustrations by Mr. T. Raffles Davison, F.S.I.A., with an account of the Exhibition by Mr. Robert Walker, Secretary to the Fine Art Section.

### CYCLING FOR HEALTH

WHILST cycling is becoming more and more popular with the youth of both sexes and all ranks, it is not understood by numbers who have reached or passed middle age and suffer from some of the ordinary complaints of life, to whom cycling would prove a blessing, bringing with it renewed health and strength if they but knew how to use it properly. For them cricket, football, rowing, or lawn tennis require too much exertion, and their exercise is confined to walking, driving, or a gentle ride on horseback. Yet in many cases none of these are so beneficial as the cycle, when used with judgment and in moderation, and no conveyance is safer or more under control than a good tricycle or Safety bicycle in the hands of a careful rider.

To those who are troubled by constipation, indigestion, piles, varicose veins, chronic or rheumatic gout, sluggishness of the blood, want of action in the skin, lassitude, loss of appetite, or lack of muscular power, cycling is curative or decidedly beneficial, when, like medicine, it is taken with regularity, and in doses suitable to the complaint. For such sufferers, and those who, while not aware of any particular ailment, "do not feel well," to use their own phrase, we prescribe, and not for the strong and healthy, or the youthful,

"scorcher," whose object is to ride as many miles as possible within the hour, or who tours through the country at the rate of sixty miles a day without seeing anything except the road before him. Nor is this written for those who have disease of the heart or lungs they should never cycle.

The first thing to decide is the choice of a machine, which should be neither second-hand nor "cheap;" both are generally dear at any price. For ladies, and gentlemen also, who are not agile, the most suitable is a tricycle with large front wheel and a good anti-vibration spring on the fork; driving-wheels from 33 in. to 40 in. high, ball-bearings throughout, including four on the axle, three-quarter of seven-eighth rubber tyres, and band-brake. The weight of a roadster tricycle for a rider under twelve stone should not exceed sixty pounds. Avoid heavy machines, they are a useless tax on strength. To those for whom we write the most important matter is the "gearing," by which is meant the increased or diminished speed given by the chain passing round the "gear wheel" of the crank driven by the pedals to the cogs on the axle of the machine. For instance, if the driving wheels are 36 in. high, with seventeen cogs on their axle and thirteen on the crank, the gearing is about 47; thus, as 13 : 17 :: 36 : 47.13th in., the height of the imaginary wheel driven, which, multiplied by 3.1416 to find the circumference, shows 147.8,968 in., or over 12½ ft. as the distance travelled at every revolution of the pedals. This gearing, in proportion to the driving wheels, is quite high enough over ordinary English roads for those who are fairly strong, but to the weak, or residents in a hilly country, a tricycle geared level, or with the two-speed crypto high and low gear attached, is recommended. Whatever is lost in speed by "gearing down" is gained in power, the exertion required being much less, and *vice versa*.

For men still agile, a "Safety" bicycle is preferable. It is lighter than a tricycle, and therefore more easily driven, or pushed up hills, it is cheaper, requires less room for storage, can pass through any doorway, is not so expensive by boat or rail, and its one track has the pick of the road, while the best of tricycles make three, and have generally to take some of the rough and smooth parts of the way together. The "Safety" bicycle is easily learnt, in six lessons at the most; there is no danger of falling over the handles, as from an ordinary bicycle, and it is easy to step off sideways. A "Safety" bicycle for a rider under 10 st. should not weigh 40 lbs., a roadster guaranteed by a first-class firm to carry 12 st. weighs about 44 lbs. Select a 28 to 30-inch front wheel, with a "Raleigh" or other good anti-vibration fork, because, in conjunction with wide rubber-tyres and a saddle supported by three spiral springs, it minimises the vibration, which is not only fatiguing, but has a most injurious effect upon the nervous systems of all, particularly of those who are not in robust health. A 30 or 32-inch driving-wheel—with band or spoon-brake, not on the front wheel—geared up to 51 inches will combine comfort and a speed from six to ten miles an hour, according to road, wind, and weather.

Order ball-pedals, and state your weight, so that the saddle may be suitable. A saddle with springs made to carry a 12 st. rider will "give" nicely at all inequalities in the road, but a 10 st. rider will find it rigid, and call it hard and uncomfortable. Fix the saddle in a line a little behind the pedals, at such a height that when seated on it the ball of one foot rests comfortably on the pedal at the bottom of the stroke. Place the other foot in the same position on the upper pedal, then lower the heel as much as possible, and press from the ankle forward and down, following immediately with a good thrust from the full force of the leg. At the bottom relax, straighten the foot in a line with the leg, and draw the pedal backward, thereby assisting it over the dead point. Continuous ankle-play, whereby a firm grip of the pedals is obtained, is of great importance, not only in keeping the machine going evenly and well, but in preventing the feet from losing the pedals when travelling fast. Ride with the chain moderately slack; on pedalling regularly, the upper half will remain tight, but when driven badly it will jerk and clank. Use curved handles, and have them raised, so that you can hold them comfortably without stooping, which compresses the chest, and is inelegant.

Both in summer and winter all the clothing of cyclists should be of wool. A Norfolk jacket and pleated skirt of grey cloth, and a soft Alpine hat are very becoming to a lady. Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, or lounge-jacket and knee-breeches or trousers, for gentlemen. The outfits supplied by the Cyclists' Touring Club to its members are the best and most suitable that can be obtained. The Club has a Consul in nearly every town in the United Kingdom, and most of the large cities in Europe, who will inform inquirers what doctors who are practical cyclists live in the neighbourhood, for to such we commend those suffering seriously from any of the above-named maladies. Wear shoes not boots, which interfere with the free play of the ankles.

Fully equipped, you are now ready to commence cycling, but do not start fasting, or immediately after a meal, nor try your strength or endurance by riding rapidly or far; cycle a little every day, or several times daily, and in a month you will find a decided change for the better in your health. The first day's ride should not at the utmost exceed five miles over an easy road. Walk the hills. It is restful and beneficial to dismount and walk a short distance occasionally. In descending hills keep the feet on the pedals, unless you can see that the road is clear to the bottom, and the incline not great, then you may trust to the brake. Drive from the hips, not the body, and so avoid wriggling, a common fault with lady cyclists. Do not breathe through the mouth, which makes it dry, while the cold air injures the teeth. If at first this be too difficult, inhale through the nose, and exhale from the mouth. After a month's practice you will be at home in the saddle, your legs will be accustomed to the rotary movement, and your feet will hold the pedals, and drive them with far more ease than when you commenced.

Let us now presume that you wish to make a little tour, for change of air and scenery, combined with agreeable company and exercise, perform wonders in restoring health. Your clothing is all wool, but as light as possible, compatible with warmth, and you have an extra wrap or jacket fastened to the little handle-bar luggage-carrier as a preventive against catching cold when you rest. Ten miles are enough for a first run. Should the road be good and undulating, and the breeze astern, you enjoy to the full the delightful sensation of "coasting" all the gentle descents with your feet on the rests, and arrive at your destination but little, if at all, fatigued. Take it easy and rest frequently if the road be bad, or the wind contrary.

It is advisable to accustom yourself not to drink by the way, for the more you drink the more freely will you perspire, and the greater will be your desire in a short time to drink again. Should the mouth become dry, rinse it, and gargle the throat with cold water, afterwards swallowing a few drops only, and you will feel much refreshed. The most suitable beverages after a ride are bouillon, lemon-squash—not manufactured lemonade—milk, soda and milk, cocoa or tea. Wine, beer and spirits are too heating and exciting. Directly you stop put on the extra wrap or jacket, and be very careful not to sit in a cold or draughty place. Rest well—with the feet raised is the best position—before sightseeing or strolling about; in short, always draw as little as possible upon your reserve force. Do not mount your cycle until two hours after the mid-day meal; exercise interferes with digestion, "forty winks" will promote it, and be generally beneficial.

Then after refreshing yourself outwardly and inwardly with some cold water, ride about five miles, when tea will be enjoyable, but do not eat anything with it, unless your digestion is good. Another

five miles, making a total of twenty, and you will have ridden quite enough over good roads for your day's exercise in search of health, and to allow time for enjoying the scenery and places of interest *en route*. Should the roads be bad, or the wind contrary, twenty miles will be too many to cover. In either of these cases do not hesitate to shorten the distance, and, if you value your health, never be tempted into that infatuation of cyclists, trying how many miles you can ride in a day or an hour. Mischief is thus often done that can never be repaired. Eat the principal meal when the day's riding is over. If the weather be warm it will be more thoroughly enjoyed after a tub or sponge down with tepid water, a good rub with a coarse towel, and an entire change of underclothing.

A few drops of oil to all moveable parts of the machine will be sufficient every fifty miles, when try all the nuts with your fingers or the wrench, and so make sure that nothing has worked loose; then you may ride with confidence and safety. For a trip beyond a day carry a gossamer waterproof cape and leggings, extra wrap or jacket, change of underclothing, slippers, or pair of light shoes, toilet requisites, celluloid collar and cuffs, stockings, and handkerchiefs. Any extra clothing should be sent by rail to save weight.

The simplest, lightest, and cheapest carry-all is made from half-a-yard of American cloth, which is four feet wide, and costs one shilling. From this cut two round pieces nine inches in diameter, and a strip one foot wide, and as long as the cloth will permit; bind all three. Commencing seven inches from end of strip, sew to it one half of circular piece on each side. In the bag thus formed place your luggage, turn inwards the unsewn tops of the round pieces, lap over the short end, roll it up, and strap it on the carrier.

The pleasures of companionship need no commendation, but do not ride a tandem, unless one of the riders is in perfect health, able and willing to do more than his share of the work. Experts only, accustomed to pedal together, can get an equivalent from a tandem for the muscle expended. Do not give up cycling in winter, for that is the season when many will derive the greatest benefit from its pursuit.

FRANK BOWDEN, C.T.C.



EDWIN ASHDOWN.—Three songs, music from the prolific pen of Michael Watson, are respectively, "Arabian Serenade," for which he has written the appropriate words; "Waiting for Thee," the tender words by S. J. A. Fitz-Gerald; and "Little Lady Bountiful," a dainty poem by H. L. d'Arcy Jaxone: all three will find favour with cultivated singers and their audiences.—There is true pathos and sentiment in "A Heaven on Earth," written and composed by Carl Willoughby; the compass is from C below the lines to F on the fifth line.—There is none more popular amongst Longfellow's poetical gems than the serenade, "Stars of the Summer Night," which has been set to music many times before E. D. Palmer, Mus. Doc., Oxon., scored his latest success with his melodious setting of this poem for a tenor voice; there is a charming *ad lib.* accompaniment for the violin to this song.—Teachers and students of the pianoforte will find much to be grateful for in a group of educational works which are individually and collectively calculated to perfect both style and execution. First on the list must be mentioned "Twelve Studies," by Walter Macfarren, whose name alone is sufficient guarantee of their utility and excellence; they are divided into two books.—"The Diatonic and Chromatic Scales, with the Minors, both in the Melodic and Harmonic Forms," edited by Charles Gardner, will prove a veritable boon to diligent conscientious students; a page of remarks on "Rules for Fingering the Major and Minor Scales" is not the least valuable part of this work, it should be read over carefully, and even committed to memory.—"Twenty-Five Progressive Studies for the Pianoforte," by George Pfeiffer, are intended as an introduction to the "Gradus ad Parnassum" of Clementi, and the "Preludes and Fugues of J. S. Bach," it is to follow the studies, Op. 70, by the same composer; here again there is everything to be said in favour of this work.—"Fifty Five-Finger Inventions" is the somewhat fantastical title of a very useful work for the pianoforte by Edwin M. Lott, Mus. Doc.; the most refractory fingers will be rendered flexible and docile after a course of these "inventions."

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. ANDREW LANG has collected into one volume many of his earlier and some of his later fugitive poems under the title "Grass of Parnassus; Rhymes Old and New" (Longmans). Grass of Parnassus, he humorously observes, is a pretty autumn flower, which grows in the marshes at the foot of the Muses' Hill and other hills, not at the top by any means. Nearly all Mr. Lang's verse is bright and attractive, but of his songs we take it those which are informed with a patriotic or martial motive have most material of life in them. The poem to Melville and Coghill, for example, is full of fire and spirit. Here is the first verse:—

Dead, with their eyes to the foe.  
Dead, with the foe at their feet,  
Under the sky laid low,  
Truly their slumber is sweet,  
Though the wind from the camp of the slain men blow,  
And the rain on the wilderness beat.

Most of the verses in this volume will be familiar to the poet's friends, who will, however, be none the less glad to have them in this compact form.

"Fibulæ" (Kegan Paul) is the title of a thin book of poems from the pen of the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. There is nothing here which is calculated to linger in the memory like so much of the work of the author of "Christabel," to whose immortal memory Mr. Coleridge dedicates his verse. The sprightliest of poems, if not the most refined in tone, is that addressed to "Cupid," which begins:—

There's a little naked boy,  
Aiming at the woman,  
With a quiver at his thigh,  
Given him by Hymen;  
Tiny bow with gilded strings,  
At his back two baby wings!

In "A Publisher's Playground" (Kegan Paul) there is an honest attempt made to be very funny in rhyme, but neither the mantle of Hood nor of Mr. Barham has fallen upon this singer. The author is most amusing when he is most serious. The thought of "children" can lift him no higher than the following:—

They come to us in heavenly guise;  
But, growing bold and stronger,  
Put off the mask and shed their wings  
As legs and arms grow longer.

There are many thoughts, pretty or profound, nicely put by E. Nesbit in "Leaves of Life" (Longmans). "Among His Books" has much of pathos and wit in it, while this verse, taken from a poem "To Our Lady" (for a picture by Giovanni Bellini), speaks for itself:—

Though what I dream, and what I do,  
In prayer's despite are always two;  
Light me, through maze of deeds undone,  
O thou whose deeds and dreams are one!



## SCENES and INCIDENTS on BOARD a CUNARDER from LIVERPOOL to NEW YORK

ATTENTION having already been drawn to the remarkably fast steaming of one of our mercantile fleet retained by the Lords of the Admiralty as an ocean cruiser in the event of war, we are glad to give our readers the actual performance of the vessel referred to, the Cunard steamer, *Etruria*, as follows:—She left Queenstown at 1 P.M. on the Sunday, and by noon on Monday 455 knots were logged. From that time till noon of Tuesday the distance steamed was 458 knots. Up to the same hour on Wednesday 456, Thursday 485, Friday 503, and from noon on that day until 10.25 A.M. on Saturday 457 knots. It will be noticed that the Friday's running was something phenomenal, for allowing that day to be equal to 24½ hours, the rate of steaming was 20.3 knots per hour. No higher rate of speed, even of the fastest torpedo boats, has been recorded for a continuous day's steaming. Reaching the company's wharf in New York in time to land her passengers at 3 P.M. on the Saturday, a feat which has never before been accomplished by a steamer leaving Europe on the previous Sunday afternoon.

Of all the great Atlantic steamship lines the Cunard still stands without a rival in popularity. Its steamers are not only the fastest, but excel all in comfort and general attendance. Life on board one of these floating palaces is not, as some may suppose, one of dull routine, but full of incidents; acquaintances are quickly made, friendships are established of which many interesting tales are told in after years.

A late United States Consul at one of the English ports relates the following:—

"On my last voyage from England, on one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches, and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well-dressed, and of exceedingly handsome countenance, but his limbs were emaciated and his face sallow, which bore traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail, looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making. 'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage, but if you require any assistance I shall be glad to help you.' 'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my state-room up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.' 'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said, 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America.' 'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for two years, and after failing to find relief from medical skill, have lately tried the springs of Carlsbad and Vichy; but they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content

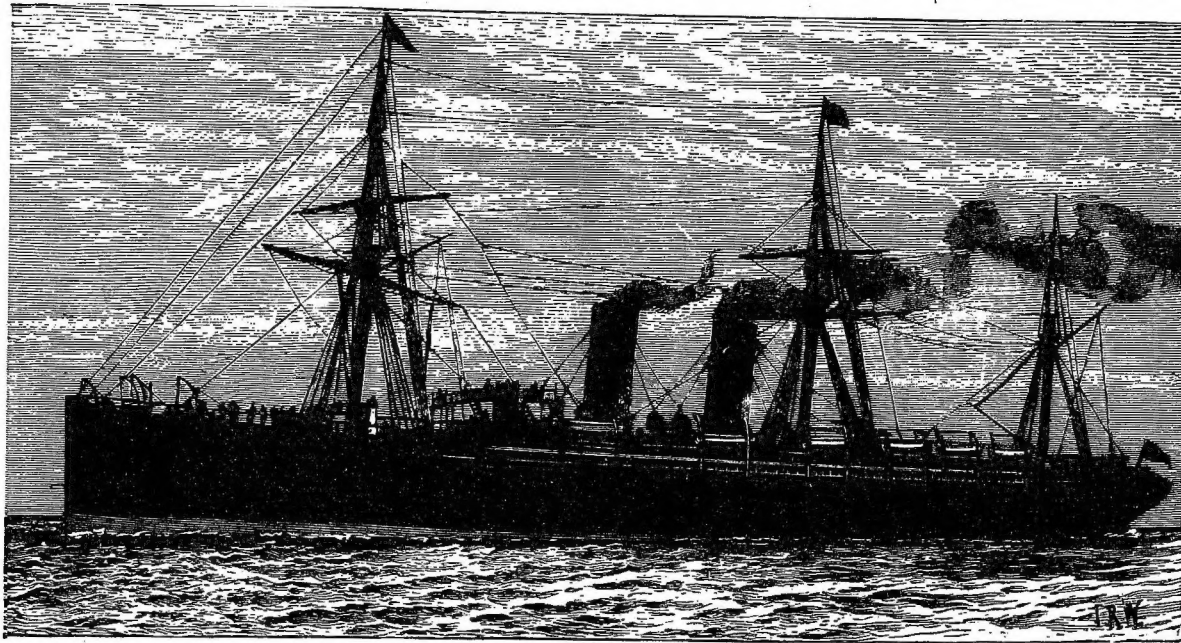
if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow, and I am her only child.' There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly, and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him, watching the snowy wake of the ship. While thus standing, my thoughts reverted to a child (a ten-year-old boy) of a neighbour of mine, residing near my consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York, just before his last voyage, by the use of the remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing

the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes; and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting for his home that evening. With a grateful smile he welcomed me, and, pointing to a box carefully done up in thick brown paper, he said:—'That is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the chemist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. If you should ever visit Sedalia, in Missouri, I will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as an ornament, as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.' We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual good-will and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health, and containing many grateful expressions of his affectionate regards."

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CUNARD S.S. "ETRURIA"

so, I covered him up snugly in bed, and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his state-room, and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him, and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered, with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain, and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said, 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above.' I then applied the Oil, again rubbing his knees, ankles, and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning when I went up on deck, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during

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perpetual. I bring bloom to the

cheek—strength to the body—joy

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